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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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A Game for an Empire

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia

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A Word About the College Course

THE Editors wish to announce that they will be unable to begin as early as they had hoped the Home College Course, which has already been mentioned in these columns. The undertaking is no small one, and it has seemed to the Editors unwise to risk lessening its value by any haste in its preparation. It has taken time to select those subjects which are most likely to interest the greatest number of readers, and to plan out consistent courses. The gentlemen who have been asked to contribute have seen the importance of giving their best work, and have therefore been unwilling to hurry to completion the articles they have undertaken. In spite of these unavoidable delays the Course is rapidly taking its final shape, and the Editors hope that circumstances will permit them to begin it within a few weeks.

Doctor William R. Harper, President of the University of Chicago, will write the introductory paper on Home Study. This will be a most helpful article. It will tell what may be accomplished by systematic home work, and will give practical suggestions as to home study and to the overcoming of those obstacles which are met by every student who has no teacher at his side.

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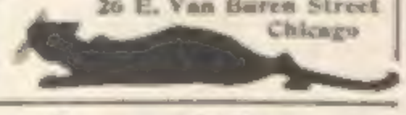

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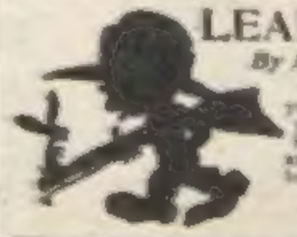

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(Signed) C. O. PROWSE, *Attorney at Law.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

A Diplomatic Game for an Empire

By A. J. Beveridge

United States Senator
From Indiana

I THOUGHT that Japan took the lower part of Manchuria, including Port Arthur, as her price for ending her war with China," remarked a traveled American lady on board a great German liner bound for Hongkong (far and away the finest ship lines of the Orient are Germany's; remember that). "And how in the world can Russia be occupying that same land?" she added.

It is a pertinent question, and its answer relates to the most fascinating part of Russia's Manchurian advance on Asia. It is a story that can never be completely told perhaps by any one but Witte himself, the Russian Foreign Office, or that cleverest of Russian diplomats, Count Cassini, the Czar's Ambassador at Washington. (It may surprise Americans to know that the man who has accomplished the most noteworthy achievement of recent Russian diplomacy is the Russian representative to our own country.) In a nebulous way the external facts, however, are familiar to the diplomatic world, and careful inquiry and the sifting process of judicial impartiality gives us a fair idea of those that are not in evidence. Entire accuracy is not claimed and is not possible; but general outlines may be drawn. Attempts to ascertain the foreign operations of the Financial and Diplomatic Ministries of Russia are like the movements of a catfish in a muddy pond—it can never see clearly the details of its environment and must be satisfied with locating the general boundaries of its home. So, in the financial and diplomatic plans of Russia, the world is kept admirably in the dark till results first announce the purpose of which those results are the accomplishment; and even then the real history leading up to them can be discovered only in large general demarcations. The same is true of the diplomacy of the French Republic and of Germany, too; whereas the plans of the American Republic (and almost equally of England) must be publicly debated before they are adopted. With this admission of our limitations, therefore, let us survey the headlands of recent diplomatic history in the Far East.

A Five-Handed Game of Diplomacy

First of all, everybody will recall how the triumph of China was universally predicted when the war between that country and Japan broke out. China was so big, everybody said; her reserve strength was so enormous, her resources so inexhaustible, and so forth. Japan might win at first. It would take much time for the giant to be aroused. Yes, but once China was aroused, impertinent little Japan would be crushed. This was the belief of even the English Foreign Office. It seems incredible that the British Ministry should have had no better information and reached no wiser conclusion than that of the rumor-led crowd on the streets; but such appears, even to the warmest friends of England, to have been the fact. At the beginning of the war, therefore, England favored China and embarrassed Japan's naval operations on one or two signal occasions. Not till every newsboy from London to Chicago knew that China's defeat was certain and irretrievable did British statesmen appear to realize the situation. And then their change of front was ineffective.

On the contrary, in this great Asiatic crisis (world crisis it might properly be called) the intelligent, patient, perhaps unscrupulous work of Russia's bureaus of information throughout the Orient bore golden fruit. When charged with the use of money in her diplomatic service a Russian agent laughingly responded, "Well! if we sow gold, the tree which springs from the seed bears golden fruit"—and that sentence is just as true as its rhetoric is Oriental. Russia knew that Japan would win. She reasoned out that Japan would demand the cession of the lower part of Manchuria, and with that celerity and address which make Russia's foreign statesmanship as much superior to that of other nations as her internal and economic statesmanship previous to Witte's administration had been inferior, the Government of the Czar prepared for the result.

In this problem the Slav statesmen had five factors to consider: China and Japan, of course, and England, Germany and France. First, then, of France. Between the French Republic and the Russian Autocracy exists the most perfect and smoothly working governmental and diplomatic understanding of modern times. It is a singular illustration of the influence of hatred and interest in making a combination between two peoples unlike in temperament, ideas and methods, and between whom there is as much racial antagonism as between any other two peoples of Europe. For, between the Russian people and the French people there is no affection whatever. Their alliance was born of their common fear and hatred of England and Germany—of the numerous conflicts of German and English interests with Russian and French interests. And so, in their foreign policy, and particularly in their Oriental diplomacy, they work as one Government. So far as the rest of the world is concerned, French diplomatic agents in Asia work in perfect understanding with Russia; and the reverse is also true. Russia, then, could count on the first trump in this game of empire.

Next of Japan. Japan was, of course, the party whose purposes it was Russia's object to defeat; and her position therefore was clear and her play in the game was well understood. She was a known and certain quantity. She would resist to the extent of strength when the purposes of Russia were disclosed; but her statesmen could be depended upon to restrain the national passions and to prevent Japan from resisting beyond her power: and, at the close of an exhausting conflict, entering upon another war with a fresh Power, her defeat would be certain. Russia knew therefore just how far she could go with Japan. And in connection with Japan she considered England as a quantity whose actions could be foretold with minute certainty and the limitations of whose Far Eastern eccentricities were as clearly defined as if they had been traced on a map. It was taken for granted that England would do nothing but protest.

"Oho!" laughed a Russian official, when he was speaking about this very matter, "we knew very well that England would solemnly protest, but we also knew as well that she would also solemnly do nothing." (So far as that is concerned no European nation is willing to go to war with any other first-class Power.) "That is the reason why, from the day of her last statesman, Disraeli, until now, we have not counted and do not count on real opposition from England. (By the way, we don't know whether that man Chamberlain is only another bluffer or not, but we are much afraid that he really might fight under sufficient provocation.)"

"If England had landed even a company of marines at Port Arthur when we took possession," said a Russian military authority, "we should have evacuated even after we took possession, for that would have shown that England meant to fight, and of course we are not going to fight a great Power when we can get our ends by waiting a few years just as well." And this is the picturesque way it was put by an Englishman disgusted with his Government's Chinese policy—or lack of it: "In counting upon the assistance of Great Britain, Japan believed she held a trump, when in reality it was but a trick card whose apparent quality would disappear when it fell upon the table under the fierce illumination of impending conflict, like those manuscripts whose real writing is revealed only under a certain quality of light." And so Russia did not count England as a factor in the game.

How Germany was Won Over by Russia

But she did count Germany. Germany understood herself. Germany understood the Orient. Germany was the only European Power except herself that had a definite, clearly defined Asiatic policy. Germany was pursuing that policy with material and physical methods and instruments. "*Drang nach Osten, Drang nach Osten.*" Steamship lines, increased fleets, pushing, growing and gigantic commercial houses, vast German investments in Chinese enterprises, German merchants, German clerks, German traders, German the keenest commercial minds, and German the steadiest energy even in Siberia itself; German the best consular service in the Orient, and German the second best diplomatic service in the Far East; and in Europe itself the best army and the most highly organized system of transportation, the best-prepared network for mobilization which the world has yet developed; a vital people, the most assertive national spirit and the most vivid racial *esprit de corps* in Europe; German one of the ablest and most forcible rulers in the world; German the most highly trained corps of public men on the continent—oh, yes! Germany must be reckoned with.

Very well, Russia would reckon with Germany; and Russia did reckon with Germany. Gradually, cautiously, hardly with an appearance of her purpose, Germany was brought to see that for Japan to seal her victory with a part of China's territory would be the beginning of Japanese supremacy throughout the whole Celestial Empire. Japan would follow up that victory with increasing influence in the affairs of China. Japan would dominate the Chinese Court. Japan would reorganize China. Japan was herself Asiatic and the natural agent of Chinese reorganization. Japan's master mind, Ito, was still in the meridian of his wonderful constructive vigor. And with Japan securely intrenched as the controlling power over China's 400,000,000 inhabitants, the commerce of the Far East would be forever in the hands of the Island Empire. The Japanese problem of finding a market for the products of her increasing millions, of finding soil upon which they might live and resources which might be developed under their direction, would be solved. All of this was pointed out to Germany, and all of this was palpably true; and it was just as true that these facts spelled the commercial disadvantage of the German people in the Orient. And therefore Germany was brought to see that her interests and Russia's were identical. Thus reasoned Russia with Germany and thus German commercial logic followed Russian diplomatic reasoning. So it came about that the three commanding trump cards of this remarkable diplomatic game were securely held by the able and determined Muscovite.

In all justice it must be stated that Germany herself is said by many Germans to have been the originator of this alliance.

The last card was the Chinese Government itself. That Government would be defeated. That Government and its corrupt and wily, though capable, adviser, Li Hung Chang, had for many years and even decades been secretly, ably (it is said, aye and believed, financially) courted by Russia.

Japan Robbed of the Fruits of Victory

Every informed man of the Far East and in Europe, no matter what his nationality, will tell you (and no informed Russian who is frank with you will deny it) that an understanding amounting almost to a secret alliance has long existed between the Courts of St. Petersburg and Peking. All that Russia had to do therefore was to await the inevitable defeat of China, the sure and profound humiliation of the Chinese Government, the consequent and real danger of the overthrow of the present Manchu dynasty at the hands of the outraged Chinese people. All that Russia had to do was to await the coming of all the circumstances which would make the Government at Peking crawl on its face to any Power that would save its life. That Power Russia prepared herself to be.

The end came. China was defeated. Russia and her diplomatic allies said nothing, did nothing. They merely waited. England presented the spectacle of the first Power in the world without a policy. Li Hung Chang, representing China, and that superb intellect, Marquis Ito, representing Japan, met at Shimonoséki and concluded the famous treaty of peace which bears that name. By this treaty Port Arthur, Talienhwan and the entire Liao-Tung peninsula were ceded to Japan. Such was the ending of the war. It was not only a reasonable indemnity to Japan, but it secured the very points of the Corean controversy which were the origin of the war itself. And now, when Japan was in the full flower of her well-earned success, when the world applauded the diplomatic ability which had concluded one of the most ably conducted wars in history (little though that war was)—now, when Japan stepped forth from the smoke of conflict amid the applause of nations to her place among the Powers of the world—a place earned by her civil and industrial revolutions at home and now confirmed by glorious conduct in war by sea and by land—now, when China was prostrate, humiliated, disgraced; at this supreme and psychic hour Russia made her carefully prepared play which in an hour robbed Japan of the material fruits of her victory and the glory of her achievement, apparently rescued the Manchu dynasty from certain ruin, and bound it, body and soul, forever and a day, inextricably, irretrievably, irredeemably to Russia.

A joint note of the Russian, the French and the German Governments was addressed to Japan, telling her in the politest of terms and with the cleverest of arguments why the peace of the Orient would be permanently endangered by her

retaining possession of the Chinese territory ceded to her, and expressing the hope of these "friendly" Governments that the wise, the peace-loving and the humane Mikado would save the situation by surrendering what his generals' skill and his soldiers' blood had won.

"The plain result of the Manchurian Road is that the only business route to China is through the dominions, under the protection, and surrounded by the influence of the Czar"
EASTERN SIBERIA
MONGOLIA
MANCHURIA
PEKIN
KOREA
SEA OF JAPAN
YELLOW SEA

At the same time, there were gathering ships of war between Japan and her prey. French ships came from the south; Russian ships came from the north; German ships came from every place. The Japanese navy was overwhelmed. The allied fleets became one, and their attitude was that of immediate and determined action. Steam was kept up; decks cleared for battle, and every dramatic effect of war was introduced and employed with the skill of accomplished performers. It was therefore a lurid light by which the Japanese statesman, Ito, read the note of Russia, Germany and France. He was out of money; he had just finished an exhausting conflict; his navy was overmatched—outclassed. It is said that the Japanese Government in this hour of agony looked to England, her natural ally; but England's face was white with uncertainty and averted in indecision.

The Japanese nation clamored for war, but Japanese statesmen knew that war at this moment, without powerful aid, meant defeat, and defeat, ruin. Therefore the little Empire broke her sword, submitted to her fate, and, with her hand held in the mailed fingers of the Alliance which Russia had constructed, wrote the historic withdrawal of her claim to, and authority over, the territory China had ceded to her.

It was only two days after the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty by which Japan became the owner of all the southern Manchurias that she was forced to give them up. Apparently in willing response to the note of the Powers, but in reality under duress of their combined fleets, the Japanese Government issued to the world her withdrawal from every foot of land she had wrested from China. This reveals so fully the method of diplomatic operations of this kind that the most of the Mikado's proclamation is here reproduced:

> We recently, at the request of the Emperor of China, appointed Plenipotentiaries for the purpose of conferring with the Ambassadors sent by China and of concluding with them a treaty of peace between the two Empires. Since then the Governments of the two Empires of Russia and Germany and of the French Republic, considering that the permanent possession of the ceded districts of the Feng-t'ien Peninsula by the Empire of Japan would be detrimental to the lasting peace of the Orient, have united in a simultaneous recommendation to our Government to refrain from holding these districts permanently.
>
> Earnestly desirous as we always are for the maintenance of peace, nevertheless we were forced to commence hostilities against China for no other reason than our sincere desire to secure for the Orient an enduring peace. The Governments of the three Powers are, in offering their friendly recommendations, similarly actuated by the same desire, and we, out of our regard for peace, do not hesitate to accept their advice. Moreover, it is not our wish to cause suffering to our people or to impede the progress of the national destiny by embroiling the Empire in new complications, and thereby imperiling the situation and retarding the restoration of peace.
>
> China has already shown, by the conclusion of the treaty of peace, the sincerity of her repentance for her breach of faith with us, and has made manifest to the world our reasons and the object we had in waging war with that Empire.
>
> Under these circumstances we do not consider that the honor and dignity of the Empire will be compromised by resorting to magnanimous measures and by taking into consideration the general situation of affairs.
>
> We have, therefore, accepted the advice of the friendly Powers and have commanded our Government to reply to the Governments of the three Powers to that effect.

A Piece of Far-Sighted Financial Strategy

The next move in the game was to secure from China authority to build the Siberian road across Manchuria. The enemies of Russia say that it was in anticipation of the difficulties, diplomatic and others, involved in such a grant of powers that the Russian Government (and, if true, it shows how superb their resource is in foreign affairs) caused the famous Russo-Chinese Bank to be incorporated. The writer does not credit this statement; it is here given only because it is current. But even if true I cannot see that such a step is anything to Russia's discredit. If true, it would appear to unprejudiced minds to be quite the contrary, and to display a far-sightedness worthy of emulation by those who look only upon to-day and then complain if the conditions of to-morrow are not to their liking. But it is not important whether the Russo-Chinese Bank was evolved by Witte as a factor in this game or not; it existed when wanted and that was enough. Apparently it is nothing but a private banking corporation with capital stock, stockholders, board of directors and all the other machinery of such a corporation. "In reality," said a credible banker of the Far East, "it is the financial agent of the Russian Government throughout Siberia, and especially the Orient. In reality, it is the financial end of the diplomatic machinery of the Russian Government in the Far East. In reality it is the Russian Government engaged in the banking business."

All of this appears to be admirable rather than reprehensible; for Russia cannot be blamed for looking after her own interests, and such a bank is the most powerful of all agencies for the material advancement of Russian trade and prestige. This bank, therefore, secured from the Chinese Government a contract by which to extend the Siberian Railroad across Manchuria, the Chinese Government giving the necessary authority. The foundation or beginning of this concession is said to have been the famous "Cassini Convention" negotiated by Count Cassini, the present Russian Ambassador at Washington, and most astute of all Russian diplomats. When the diplomatic world learned of the "Cassini Convention" there was something like consternation in the Cabinets of Europe and notes of inquiry were addressed to the Russian Foreign Office, which denied the existence of such treaty. But while the "Cassini Convention" as reported may not have been concluded in the terms reported in the newspapers, the concessions were granted and the road is being built. Thus does Russia proceed while her foes "fuss" and inquire. It is not here stated that Russia ought to be checked; but if she ought she must be confronted by better intelligence than that which has heretofore attempted to thwart her.

In addition to the railway concession it is rumored that Li Hung Chang, upon behalf of his Government, concluded a secret understanding with the Government of the Czar by which it was agreed not only that Russia should be over-lord of Manchuria but that the Emperor of China should look to the Czar as his particular friend, protector and counselor in the present troubled times as well as in the dark future. The fact that Russia guarantees Chinese loans, the peculiar understanding which seems to exist between the Chinese Government and Russia—the general atmosphere of unity—impresses the casual observer with the probability of some such arrangement; and, though it is again repeated that such secret treaties are not here stated to be facts, the consensus of competent opinion in the Far East is that such an unspoken (and perhaps unwritten) alliance does exist. But, whether it does or not, it is true that in 1896, immediately after the close of the war and the rescue of China from Japan by Russia, authority was given to continue the Siberian Railway across these Chinese provinces.

Russian Money for the Manchurian Road

Under concessions granted by the Chinese Government to the Russo-Chinese Bank, this financial arm of the Russian Government organized under Russian laws the East China Railway Company. This company is the builder of the road. It has a capital of 5,000,000 rubles ($2,500,000), practically all of which is controlled by the Russo-Chinese Bank. But the actual capital for construction was raised by an issue of bonds guaranteed by the Russian Government. The most of these bonds, it is believed (and that is as strong a statement as can be made of the financial operations of this road, since most of them are secret), are held by the Russian Government itself, either directly or through the instrumentality of Government banks; and thus it is believed that the money to build the road comes out of the Russian imperial treasury directly. Indeed, the report of the Minister of Finance for 1900 contains the following:

> The extraordinary expenditure is estimated at 192,945,424 rubles, including 25,195,258 rubles for the construction of the Siberian Railway; 3,418,524 rubles for auxiliary undertakings in connection with that railway; 30,573,590 rubles for the construction of other railways; 43,758,092 rubles for the purchase of rolling stock for the Siberian and other railways; *85,000,000 rubles for loans to private railways, on security of bonds guaranteed by Government*; and 5,000,000 rubles for indemnities to private persons and institutions for loss of the exclusive right of selling spirits in retail.

Though it is not stated that any of this expenditure for that particular year was for the Manchurian Railroad specially, it is known that a great part of it was; and the budget of 1900 states that the estimated expenditure on loans to private railway companies on security of bonds guaranteed by the Government was 82,000,000 rubles (about $41,000,000). Moreover, the report accompanying that of the Russian Minister of Finance declared that "the losses of the East China Railway Company are very great, owing to the destruction of a considerable part of the permanent way in Manchuria, and the delay in the completion of the unfinished line; these losses have had their effect on the budget of 1900 in the form of large grants, under the head of extraordinary expenditure, for loans to railway companies." So that it is reasonably certain, and indeed it is not denied, that the great Manchurian Railway, builded ostensibly and within the limits of all legal technicalities by the East China Railroad Company and financed by the Russo-Chinese Bank under a contract with the Chinese Government, is in substance and in practical reality built by the Russian Government under plans formulated in the office of the Russian Minister of Finance and upon disbursements made from the Russian imperial treasury. It is not clear where rational fault can be found with the Russian Government for this method of procedure.

This railway company is also given the mining monopoly of all Manchuria. Mining rights are universal coincidents of a railway concession anywhere in the Orient, and often constitute the most valuable element of the concession. Accordingly, Russian mining engineers are carefully and patiently investigating every foot of the mountains of Manchuria in search chiefly for coal and iron—gold is a secondary consideration—and, of course, for any other mineral riches which this addition to the Russian Empire may contain. More than one of these Russian engineers were met in the summer of 1901, and each of them freely told, with the enthusiasm of the discoverer, of valuable deposits which he had located in southeastern and northwestern Manchuria. Coal, iron ore and rich deposits of gold have already been found; and no one need be surprised if oil and natural gas fields similar to those of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana be developed on this other side of the globe.

The following are some of the items of the supposed railway construction agreement:

> First: The bonds of the railway company shall be issued as required and only with the special sanction of the Russian Minister of Finance. The face value and real price of each separate issue of bonds and all of the conditions of the issue shall be directed by the Russian Minister of Finance.
>
> Second: The payment of interest on and amortization of the bonds of the Manchurian Railway shall be guaranteed by the Russian Government when issued.
>
> Third: The railway company must secure advances upon these bonds through the Russo-Chinese Bank and not otherwise; but the Government itself may directly, if it choose, take up the bond issue as a Government investment or upon loan, advancing on the bonds the ready money needed by the company from time to time.
>
> Fourth: Money received by the company for these bonds, no matter whether it is received through the agency of the Russo-Chinese Bank or directly from the Government, or in any other manner, must be kept at such places as are designated by the Russian Minister of Finance and absolutely under his supervision and control.
>
> Fifth: The ready money thus realized may be expended by the company in payment of various items of construction and, of course, on interest on bonds as the same become due.

It thus appears that for all practical purposes the work is the direct work of the Russian Government, and that the Russo-Chinese Bank and the Railway Company are nothing but agents.

The Supposed Terms of the Agreement

The following are a few of the traffic and operating provisions which are understood to be in the supposed railway agreement:

> First: The gauge of the railway must be the same as that of Russian railways (five feet).
>
> Second: If the Manchurian Railway becomes inadequate to care for the traffic turned over to it by the Siberian and Usuri Railways or Russian ship lines, it shall increase its capacity upon notification of the railways named. If the Manchurian and Siberian Railways disagree about this, the Russian Minister of Finance shall decide the question; and if the Manchurian Railway Company has not money enough to make the improvements the Russian Finance Minister may supply the funds if he thinks wise.
>
> Third: Freight, passenger and all other kinds of trains running upon the Trans-Baikal, Siberian and Usuri Railway lines shall be received by the Manchurian Railway as if these separate systems were one system, in full complement without delay of any kind. The same rate of speed shall be maintained on the Manchurian lines as is maintained by the Siberian railways.
>
> Fourth: The Manchurian Railway Company must build and maintain [it has done this already] a complete telegraph line connecting the same with the Siberian and Russian service.

It is thus seen that in the contract itself, as it is understood to exist, the railroad is, for all practical purposes, a mere extension of the Siberian system.

Three more provisions of this supposed contract are illustrative of the effect of the road upon transportation reform in China noted in a former paper:

> First: Passengers' baggage and goods carried in transit shall not be liable to any Chinese charges or dues.
>
> Second: The tariff (or rates) for the carriage of all other commerce of the road shall be free from Chinese taxes or dues.
>
> Third: The amount of import and export transportation taxes are fixed by special articles.
>
> *Fourth: The Russian postal service shall be extended over the entire Manchurian system, and the Russian letter and parcel post, together with the entire official machinery of the same, shall be carried by the railway company free of charge.*

Finally, it is provided by this contract that the Chinese Government may purchase the road from this railway company at the end of thirty years; and, at the end of eighty years, the whole property shall revert to the Chinese Government without payment of any kind.

It will be apparent from the reading of the above that it is not intended in these papers to set out technically nor in detail nor at comprehensive length the provisions of the supposed contract under which the Manchurian Railway is being constructed. Enough is set out to show the financial character of the enterprise, its unity with the Russian railway systems, the beginning of tax reform even before a rail is laid, and, in general, the legal outlines of the enterprise. The smaller items and technical language would take too much space and serve only to confuse. And it is again stated that this contract is not authoritative; but enough confidence is reposed in it by the author to justify setting it out in this paper—it is believed to be substantially accurate.

Why, then, since the Russian Government is in reality building this road, does it not build it directly without the intervention of the Russo-Chinese Bank as its financial agent, and the East China Railway Company as its constructing agent? Why is not the construction agreement between the Russian and Chinese Governments direct instead of through these agencies? There are many answers to these questions known to those familiar with Russian railway construction; but there is one suggested which is of interest and, indeed, of vital moment to America and all other Powers concerned in the trade of the Orient. That reason is that, if Japan or any other Power objects to the Russianization of Manchuria, the Russian Government can, if it thinks expedient, reply that it is not the work of the Government but of a private corporation as independent of the Russian Government as an American corporation is independent of the Government of the United States, but whose interests, nevertheless, the Russian Government has the right to protect, as Germany has the right to and, indeed, *does* protect the rights and property of her citizens and corporations. Again, if Russia sees fit to extend her power still farther toward the Chinese capital; if she desires to proceed even farther southward to the very centre of China and meet the French lines advancing northward, thus making a great Franco-Russian trunk line throughout the length of the Chinese Empire (and that this is the intention is thought probable by most students of the Far East), she can do so through the agency above described, to whose methods the Oriental mind has become accustomed and in which the world has acquiesced.

And in the third place, and chiefly, should it become desirable to exclude the goods of all other nations (except such a nation as Russia had entered into a private understanding with) from the interior of Manchuria and all the Chinese provinces controlled by such railroads, she could do so by differential railway rates; and, upon complaint by any other nation whose goods were thus discriminated against, Russia could reply with perfect technical accuracy that the fixing of these rates was a matter of a private corporation with which she had nothing to do. To this conclusive answer no valid objection could be made; and so though the closing of Chinese ports now controlled by Russia might be properly resisted and even regarded as a cause of war by other nations vitally interested in the commerce of the Orient, it is reasoned that those nations could not object to differential railway rates which would accomplish precisely the same result.

And so it is that Russian statesmen are extending their network of power over Asia with a far-sightedness not exhibited in the foreign diplomacy of any other nation of the present day, except, perhaps, Germany. So it is that England will find herself, even now finds herself, helpless in the presence of accomplished facts and a series of impregnable diplomatic positions. So it is that quietly, plausibly, skillfully, and by the lasting methods of material constructiveness, Russia has achieved the first of her plans for the capture of the only remaining uncaptured markets of the world. So it is that, while England and America have been (and properly) employing their energies in internal development or wasting them on academic argumentations about unsubstantial theories, Germany has been forging ahead toward the position of the first maritime Power of the twentieth century, and Russia has been placing on the future the mortgage of her dominion.

"Yes," said the son of one of the most famous of Russia's Slavophiles, "you may be stronger now, richer now, than we are; but we shall be stronger to-morrow than you—yes and all the world, for the future abides with the Slav!" Such expressions you may hear again and again from young Russian gentlemen who have not become Government haters. For example, take from another young Russian the following, which is striking: "Would you know another name for Russia? Very well, then, call her 'The Inevitable.'"

Editor's Note—This is the first of a second series of five papers by Senator Beveridge on the Far East: this series to deal especially with diplomatic and political conditions. The second paper will appear next week.

Wholesome Neglect

By William Mathews

A GREAT Swedish statesman once said that the world is governed too much. Whether true or not of states, the *mot* is certainly true, in many cases, of children. How often has a bright boy, full of life and energy, been spoiled by the very efforts—conscientious, painstaking, but incessant, overanxious, fussy—of his parents or tutors to train him well! In their anxiety to make him a model of virtue, they allow him hardly any freedom or opportunity to do wrong, and, being kept continually in leading-strings, unexposed to temptations, the triumphant conflict with which would teach him self-reliance and strengthen his moral backbone, he becomes a moral weakling. Boys thus stuffed with advice, and fettered in their action, resemble a boy rightly reared no more than a chicken trussed on a spit resembles a fowl in the field.

Some parents do not seem to know that there is such a thing as wearing out the conscience of a child by extreme pressure and overstimulation. "'I have known a child,' says Sir Henry Taylor in his very suggestive Notes on Life, "to have a conscience of such extraordinary and premature sensibility, that at seven years of age she would be made ill by a remorse for a small fault. She was brought up by persons of excellent understanding, with infinite care and affection, and yet, by the time she was twenty years of age, she had next to no conscience and a hard heart." We could name several noted skeptics of the day—disbelievers in Christianity—whose fathers were clergymen that held in this age of progress to a rigid, ultra-conservative type of theology. How true is it that, as that wise wit and witty divine, Dr. Thomas Fuller, says, "People who lace their bodies too tightly are apt to grow awry on one side!" A shrewd old English lady was once asked what she would recommend in the case of children who had been too carefully educated. She replied: "A little wholesome neglect."

The Knight of the Spike-Sole Boots

By Holman F. Day—Author of Up in Maine

THEY had told me to 'ware of the "Hulling Machine,"
But a tenderfoot is a fool!
Though the man that's new to a birch canoe
Believes that he knows, as a rule.
They had told me to carry a mile above
Where the broad deadwater slips
Into fret and shoal to tumble and roll
In the welter of Schoodic rips;
But knowing it all, as a green man does,
And lazy, as green men are,
I hated to pack on my aching back
My duffle and gear so far.

So, as down the rapids there stretched a strip
With a most encouraging sheen,
I settled the blade of my paddle and made
For the head of the "Hulling Machine."
It wasn't because I hadn't been warned
That I rode full tilt at Death—
It was simply the plan of an indolent man
To save his back and his breath.
For I reckoned I'd slice for the left-hand shore
When the roar of the falls drew near,
And I braced my knees and took my ease—
There was nothing to do but steer.

(There are many savage cataracts, slavering for prey,
'Twixt Abol-jachamegus and the lower Brass-u-a,
But of all the yowling demons that are wicked and accurst,
The demon of the Hulling Place is ugliest and worst.)

Now the strip in that river like burnished steel
Looked comfortable like and slow,
But my birch canoe went shooting through
Like an arrow out of a bow.
And the way was hedged by ledges that grinned
As they shredded the yeasty tide
And hissed and laughed at my racing craft
As it drove on its headlong ride.
I sagged on the paddle and drove it deep,
But it snapped like a pudding-stick,
Then I staked my soul on my steel-shod pole,
And the pole smashed just as quick.
There was nothing to do but to clutch the thwarts
And crouch in that birchen shell,
And grit my teeth as I viewed beneath
The boil of that watery hell.
I may have cursed—I don't know now—
I may have prayed or wept,
But I yelled halloo to Connor's crew
As past their camp I swept.
I yelled halloo and I waved adieu
With a braggart's shamming mien,
Then over the edge of the foaming ledge
I dropped in the "Hulling Machine."

(A driver hates a coward as he hates diluted rye;
Stiff upper-lip for living, stiff backbone when you die!
They cheered me when I passed them; they followed me with cheers,
That, as bracers for a dying man, are better far than tears.)

The "Hulling Place" spits a spin of spume
Steaming from brink to brink,
And it seemed that my soul was cuffed in a bowl
Where a giant was mixing his drink.
And 'twas only by luck or freak or fate,
Or because I'm reserved to be hung,
That I found myself on a boulder shelf
Where I flattened and gasped and clung.
To left the devilment roared and boiled,
To right it boiled and roared;
On either side the furious tide
Denied all hope of ford.
So I clutched at the face of the dripping ledge
And crouched from the lashing rain,
While the thunderous sound of the tumult ground
Its iron into my brain.
I stared at the sun as he blinked above
Through whorls of the rolling mists,
And I said good-by and prepared to die
As the current wrenched my wrists.
But just as I loosened my dragging clutch,
Out of the spume and fogs
A chap drove through—one o' Connor's crew—
Riding two hemlock logs.
He was holding his pick-pole couched at Death
As though it were lance in rest,
And his spike-sole boots, as firm as roots,
In the splintered bark were pressed.
If this be sacrilege, pardon me, pray;
But a robe such as angels wear
Seemed his old red shirt with its smears of dirt,
And a halo his mop of hair;
And never a knight in a tournament
Rode lists with a jauntier mien
Than he of the drive who came alive
Through the hell of the "Hulling Machine."
He dragged me aboard with a giant swing,
And he guided the rushing raft
Serenely cool to the foam-flecked pool
Where the dimpling shallows laughed.
And he drawled as he poled to the nearest shore,
While I stuttered my gratitude:
"I jest came through to show that crew
I'm a match for a sportsman dude."
There are only two who have raced those falls
And by lucky chance were spared:
Myself dragged there in a fool's despair
And he, the man who dared!
I make no boast, as you'll understand,
And there's never a boast from him;
And even his name is lost to fame—
I simply know 'twas "Jim."
If Jim was a fool, as I hear you say
With a sneer beneath your breath,
So were knights of old who in tourneys bold
Lunged blithesomely down at Death.
And if I who was snatched from the jaws of hell
Am to name a knight to you,
Here's the Knight of the Fire, of the Spike-Sole Spurs,
That man from Connor's crew!

VICTOR—By A. T. Quiller-Couch

Author of The Ship of Stars

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I

"YOU will ruin his life," said one of the two women. As the phrase escaped her she remembered, or seemed to remember, having met with it in half-a-dozen novels. She had nerved herself for the interview, which up to this moment had been desperately real; but now she felt herself losing grip. It had all happened before—somewhere; she was reacting an old scene, going through a past: the four or five second-hand words gave her this sensation. Then she reflected that this woman, too, had perhaps met them before in some cheap novelette, and, being an uneducated person, would probably find them the more impressive for that.

The other woman had, in fact, met them before, in the pages of Bow Bells, and been impressed by them. But since then love had found her ignorant and left her wise, wiser than in her humiliation she dared to guess, and yet the wiser for being humiliated. She answered in a curiously dispassionate voice: "I think, miss, his life is ruined already—that is, if he sent you to say all this to me."

"He did not." Miss Bracy lifted the nose and chin which she inherited from several highly distinguished crusaders, and gave the denial sharply and promptly, looking her ex-maid straight in the face. She had never—to use her own words—stood any nonsense from Bassett.

But Bassett, formerly so docile (though, as it now turned out, so deceitful), who had always known her place and never answered her mistress but with respect, was to-day an unrecognizable Bassett—not in the least impudent, but as certainly not to be awed or browbeaten. Standing in the glare of discovered misconduct the poor girl had grasped some secret strength which made her invincible.

"But I think, miss," she answered, "Mr. Frank must have known you was coming."

And this Miss Bracy could not deny. She had never told a lie in her life.

"It is very likely—no, it is certain—that he guessed," she admitted.

"And if so, it comes to the same thing," Bassett persisted with a shade of weariness in her voice.

"You ungrateful girl! You ungrateful and quite extraordinary girl! First you inveigle that poor boy at the very outset of his career, and then, when upon a supposed point of honor he offers to marry you——"

"A supposed point, miss? Do you say 'supposed'?"

"Not one in a thousand would offer such a redemption. And even he cannot know what it will mean to his life—what it will cost him."

"I shall tell him, miss," said Bassett quietly.

"And his parents—what do you suppose they would say, were they alive? His poor mother, for instance?"

Bassett dismissed this point silently. To Miss Bracy, the queerest thing about the girl was the quiet, practical manner she had put on so suddenly.

"You said, miss, that Mr. Frank wants to make amends on a 'supposed' point of honor. Don't you think it a real one?"

Miss Bracy's somewhat high cheek-bones showed two red spots. "Because he offers it, it doesn't follow that you ought to accept. And that's the whole point," she wound up viciously.

Bassett sighed that she could not get her question answered. "You will excuse me, miss, but I never 'inveigled' him as you say. That I deny, and if you ask Mr. Frank he will bear me out—not that it's any use trying to make you believe," she added, with a drop back to her old level tone as she saw the other's eyebrows go up. It was indeed hopeless, Miss Bracy being one of those women who take it for granted that a man has been inveigled as soon as his love affairs run counter to their own wishes or taste, and who thereby reveal an estimate of man for which in the end they are pretty sure to pay heavily.

All her answer now was a frankly incredulous stare.

"You won't believe me, miss. It's not your fault, I know; you *can't* believe me. But I loved Mr. Frank."

Miss Bracy made a funny little sound high up in her crusader nose. That the passions of gentlemen were often ill-regulated she knew; it disgusted her, but she recognized it as a real danger to be watched by their anxious relatives. That *love*, however—what she understood by *love*—could be felt by the lower orders, the people who 'walked together,' and 'kept company' before mating, was too incredible. Even if driven by evidence to admit the fact, she would have set it down to the pernicious encroachment of Board School education and remarked that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

"'Love!' My poor child, don't profane a word you cannot possibly understand. A nice love, indeed, that shows itself by ruining his life!"

That second-hand phrase again! As it slipped out the indomitable Bassett dealt it another blow.

"I am not sure, miss, that I love him any longer—in the same way, I mean. I should always have a regard for him—for many reasons—and because he behaved honorably in a way. But I couldn't quite believe as I did before he showed himself weak."

"Well, of all the——" Miss Bracy's lips were open for a word to fit this offense when Bassett followed it up with a worse one.

"I beg your pardon, miss, but you are so fond of Mr. Frank. Supposing I refused, would you marry him yourself?"

The girl, too, meant it quite seriously. In her tone was no trace of impudence. She had divined her adversary's secret, and thrust home the question with a kind of anxious honesty. Miss Bracy, red and gasping, tingling with shame, yet knew that she was not being exulted over. She dropped the unequal fight between conventional argument and naked insight, and stood up, woman to woman. She neither denied nor exclaimed. She, too, told the truth.

"Never!" She paused. "After what has happened I would never marry my cousin."

"I thought that, miss. You mean it, I am sure, and it eases my mind, because you have been a good mistress to me, and it would always have been a sorry thought that I'd stood in your way. Not that it would have prevented me."

"Do you still stand there and tell me that you will hold this unhappy boy to his word?"

"He's twenty-two, miss; my own age. Yes, I shall hold him to it."

"Very well. I cannot counsel Frank against his honor; if he insists and you still accept the sacrifice, he shall marry you. But from that hour—you understand?—you have seen the last of him. I know Frank well enough to promise it."

She paused to let the words sink in and watch their effect. This was not only cruel but a mistake, for it gave Bassett—who was past caring for it—the last word.

"If you do, miss," she said drearily, yet with a mind made up, "I dare say that will be best."

—while holding out her hand, took quick note that the boy had Frank's stature and eyes

II

LONG before I heard this story I knew three of the characters in it. Just within the harbor beside which I am writing this—on your left as you enter it from the sea—a little creek runs up past Battery Point to a stout sea-wall with a turfed garden behind it, and a low cottage; and behind these a steep-sided valley down which a stream tumbles to a granite conduit. It chokes and overflows the conduit, is caught again into a granite-covered gutter beside the door of the cottage, and emerges beyond it in a small cascade upon the beach.

—a small water-color sketch of his mother . . stood on the table in the boy's bedroom

For two years the cottage had lain tenantless when one spring morning Miss Bracy and Mr. Frank Bracy arrived and took possession. They came (for aught we knew) out of nowhere, but they brought a good many boxes, six cats, and a complete set of new muslin blinds.

After a week there arrived (also out of nowhere) an elderly and taciturn cook. Also Miss Bracy on the third morning walked up to the farm at the head of the valley and hired down the hind's second daughter for a "help."

They made no friends, no acquaintances; every one knew of Miss Bracy's cats, but few had seen them. Miss Bracy herself was on view in church every Sunday morning, when Mr. Frank walked with her as far as the porch. He never entered the building, but took a country walk during service, returning in time to meet her at the porch and escort her home. His other walks he took alone, and almost always at night. The policeman tramping toward Four Turnings after midnight to report to the country patrol would meet him and pause for a minute's chat. Night-wandering beasts, birds—foxes and owls and hedgehogs—knew his footstep, and unlearned their first fear of it. Sometimes, but not often, you might surprise him of an afternoon seated before an easel in some out-of-the-way corner of the cliffs; but if you paused then to look he too paused and seemed inclined to smudge out his work. The vicar put it about that Mr. Frank had formerly been a painter of fame and (being an astute man) one day decoyed him into his library, where hung an engraving of a picture, Amos Barton, by one F. Bracy.

Mr. Frank glanced up at the engraving and turned his face away. It was the face of a man taken at unawares, embarrassed, almost afraid. The vicar, who had been watching him, intending some pleasant remark about the picture, saw at once that something was wrong, and with great tact kept the talk upon some petty act of charity in which he sought to enlist his visitor's help. Mr. Frank gave his promise hurriedly, and made his escape. He never entered the vicarage again.

III

EIGHTEEN years had passed since Miss Bracy's interview with Bassett; and now, late on a summer afternoon, she and Mr. Frank were pacing the little waterside garden while they awaited their first visitor.

Mr. Frank betrayed the greater emotion, or at any rate, the greater nervousness. Since breakfast he had been unable to sit still or to apply himself to any piece of work for ten minutes together until Miss Bracy suggested the lawn-mower, and brought purgatory upon herself. With that lawn-mower all the afternoon he had been "rattling her nerves to fiddle-strings," as she put it, and working himself into a heat which obliged a change of clothes before tea. The tea stood ready now on a table which Deborah had carried out into the garden—dainty linen and silverware and flowered china dishes heaped with cakes of which only Scotchwomen know the secrets.

The sun, dropping behind Battery Point, slanted its rays down through the pine-trunks and over the fiery massed plumes of rhododendrons. Scents of jasmine and of shorn grass mingled with the clear breath of the sea borne to the garden wall on a high tide, tranquil and clear—so clear that the eye, following for a hundred yards the lines of the cove, could see the feet of the cliffs where they rested, three fathoms down, on lily-white sand. Miss Bracy adored these clear depths. She had missed much that life could have given; but at least she had found a life comely and to her mind. She had sacrificed much; but at times she forgot how much in contemplating the modest elegance of the altar.

She wore this evening a gown of purplish silk with a light cashmere scarf about her shoulders. Nothing could make her a tall woman; but her gray hair dressed high *à l'impératrice* gave her dignity at least, and an air of old-fashioned distinction. And she was one of those few and fortunate ladies who never need to worry about the appearance of their cavaliers. Mr. Frank—six feet of him, without reckoning a slight stoop—always satisfied the eye; his gray flannel suit fitted loosely, but fitted well; his wide-brimmed straw hat was as faultless as his linen; his necktie had a negligent neatness; you felt sure alike and at once of his bootmaker

and his shirtmaker; and his fresh complexion, his prematurely white hair, his strong, well-kept hands completed the impression of a cleanliness almost religious, of a careful physical cult as far as possible removed from foppery.

This may have been in Miss Bracy's mind when she began: "I dare say he will be fairly presentable to look at. That unfortunate woman had at least an art of dressing—a quiet taste, too, quite extraordinary in one of her station. I often wondered where she picked it up."

Mr. Frank winced. Until the news of his wife's death came, a fortnight ago, her name had not been spoken between them for years. That he and his cousin regarded her very differently, he knew; but while silence was kept it had been possible to ignore the difference. Now it surprised him that speech should hurt so, and, at the same moment, that his cousin should not divine how sorely it hurt. After all, *he* was the saddest evidence of poor Bassett's "ladylike" tastes.

"I suppose you know nothing of the school she sent him to?" Miss Bracy went on. "King William's, or whatever it is."

"King Edward's," Mr. Frank corrected. "Yes, I made inquiries about it at the time—ten years ago. People spoke well of it. Not a public school, of course—at least, not quite; the line isn't so easy to draw nowadays—but it turns out gentlemen."

In her heart Miss Bracy thought him too hopeful. But she said: "He wrote a becoming letter—his hand, by the way, curiously suggests yours. It was quite a nice letter, and agreeably surprised me. I shouldn't wonder if his head master had helped him with it and cut out the boyish heroics, for, of course, *she* must have taught him to hate us."

"My dear Laura, why in the world——" began Mr. Frank.

"Oh, she had spirit!" The encounter of long ago rose up in Miss Bracy's memory, and she nodded her head with conviction. "Like most of the quiet ones, she had spirit. You don't suppose, I imagine, that she forgave?"

"No." Mr. Frank came to a halt and dug with his heel at a daisy-root in the turf. Then, using his heel as a pivot, he swung himself around in an awkward circle. The action was ludicrous almost, but he faced his cousin again with serious eyes. "But it is not her heart that I doubt," he added gently.

Miss Bracy stared up at him. "My dear Frank, do you mean to tell me that you *regret?*"

Yes, as a fact, he did regret, and knew that he should never cease to regret. He was not a man to nurse malice even for a wrong done to him, still less to live carelessly conscious of having wronged another. He was weak, but incurably just. And more, though self entered last into his regret, he knew perfectly well that the wrong had wrecked him, too. His was a career *manqué:* he had failed as a man, and it had broken his nerve as an artist. He was a dabbler now, with—as Heine said of De Mussett—a fine future *behind him:* and none but an artist can tell the bitterness of that self-knowledge. Had he kept his faith with Bassett in spirit as in letter he might have failed just as decidedly; her daily companionship might have coarsened his inspiration, soured him, driven him to work cheaply, recklessly; but at least he could have accused fate, circumstance, a boyish error, whereas now his own manhood not only suffered the defeat but bore the responsibility. Yes, he regretted; but it would never do to let Laura know his regret. That would be to play the double traitor. She had saved him (she believed) from himself; with utterly wrong-headed loyalty she had devoted her life to this. The other debt was irredeemable, but this, at any rate, could be paid.

He evaded her question. "My dear," he said, "what was done has been atoned for by her, and is being atoned for by—by us. Let us think of her without bitterness."

Miss Bracy shook her head. "I am a poor sort of Christian," she confessed, "and if she has taught this boy to hate us——"

"Mr. Victor Bracy," announced Deborah from the garden-porch behind them, and a tall youth in black stepped past her and came across the turf with a shy smile.

The pair turned with an odd sort of confusion, almost of dismay. They were prepared for the "Victor," but somehow they had not thought of him as bearing their own surname. Mr. Frank had felt the shock once before, in addressing an envelope, but to Miss Bracy it was quite new.

Yet she was the first to recover herself, and, while holding out her hand, took quick note that the boy had Frank's stature and eyes, carried his clothes well and himself, if shyly, without clumsiness. She could find no fault with his manner of shaking hands, and when he turned to his father, the boy's greeting was the less embarrassed of the two. Mr. Frank indeed had suddenly become conscious of his light suit and bird's-eye neckcloth.

"But how did you come?" asked Miss Bracy. "We sent a cart to meet you—I heard no sound of wheels."

"Yes, I saw it outside the station, but the man didn't recognize me—quite a small crowd came by the train—and of course I didn't recognize him. So I bribed a porter to put my luggage on a barrow and come along with me. Half-way up the hill the cart overtook us: and while they transshipped my things I walked on ahead—yes, listen—there it comes: and—oh, I say, what a lovely spot!"

Miss Bracy was listening—not for the wheels, and not to the story, but critically to every word as it came from his lips. "The woman has certainly done wonders," was her unspoken comment. At Victor's frank outburst, however, she flushed with something like real pleasure. She was proud of her cottage and garden, and had even a sort of proprietary feeling about the view.

They sat down around the little tea-table, the boy first apologizing for his travel-stains (he was, in fact, as neat as a pin) and afterward chatting gayly about his journey—not talking too much, but appealing from one to another with a quick, deferent grace and allowing them always the lead.

"This is better and better," thought Miss Bracy as she poured out tea, and, after a while: "But this is amazing!" He was a thorough child, too, with all his unconscious tact. The scent of lemon-verbena plant fetched him suddenly to his feet with his eyes bright.

"Please let me——" He thrust his face into the bush. "I have never seen it growing like this."

Miss Bracy looked at Mr. Frank. How utterly different it was from their old-maidish expectations! They had pictured the scene a hundred times, and always it included some awkwardly decorous reference to the dead woman. *This* had been their terror—to do justice to the occasion without hurting the poor boy's feelings—to meet his sullen shyness, perhaps antipathy, with a welcome which somehow excused the past. Yes, the past (they had felt) required excuse to *him*. And he had made no allusion to his mother, and obviously wished for none. Miss Bracy could not help smiling at the picture of their fears.

The boy turned, misinterpreted her smile, and broke into a jolly laugh at his own absurdity. It echoed in the garden where no one had laughed aloud for years. And with that laugh Bassett's revenge began.

IV

FOR with that laugh they began to love him. They did not—or at any rate Miss Bracy did not—know it at the time. For some days they watched him, and he, the unsuspicious one, administered a score of shocks as again and again he took them neatly and decisively at unawares. He had accepted them at once and in entire good faith. They were (with just the right recognition of their seniority) good comrades in this jolliest of worlds. They were his holiday hosts, and it was not for the guest to hint (just yet) at the end of the holiday.

He surprised them at every turn. His father's canvases filled him with admiring awe. "Oh, but I say—however is it done?" As he stood before them, his legs a trifle wide, he smoothed the top of his head with a gesture of perplexity. And Mr. Frank, standing at his shoulder with legs similarly spread, used the same gesture—as Miss Bracy has seen him use it a thousand times. Yet the boy had no artistic talent—not so much as a germ. For beauty of line and beauty of color he inherited an impeccable eye; indeed, his young senses were alive to seize all innocent delight—his quickness in scenting the lemon-verbena bush proved but the first of many instances. But he began and ended with enjoyment; of the artist's impulse to reproduce and imitate beauty he felt nothing. Mr. Frank recognized with a pang that he had failed not only in keeping his torch bright, but in passing it on; that the true self which he had missed expressing must die with him barren and untransmitted. The closer he drew in affection, the farther this son of his receded—receded in the very act of acknowledging his sonship with a gesture, smilingly incomprehensible, with eyes which allured the yearning he baffled, and tied it to the hopeless chase.

Mr. Frank, who worshiped flowers, was perhaps the most ineffective gardener in England. With a trowel and the best intentions he would do more damage in twenty minutes than Miss Bracy could repair in a week. She had made a paradise in spite of him, and he contented himself with assuring her that the next tenant would dig it up and find it paved with good intentions. The seeds he sowed—and he must have sown many pounds' worth before she stopped the wild expense—never sprouted by any chance. "Dormant, my dear Laura—dormant!" he would exclaim in springtime, rubbing his head perplexedly as he studied the empty borders. "When I die and am buried here they will all sprout together, and you will have to take a hook and cut your way daily through the vegetation which hides my grave." But Victor, who approached them in the frankest ignorance, seemed to divine the ways of flowers at once. In the autumn he struck cuttings of Miss Bracy's rarest roses; he removed a sickly passion-flower from one corner of the cottage to another, and restored it to health within a fortnight. Within a week after his coming he and Miss Bracy were deep in cross-fertilizing a border full of carnations she had raised from seed. He carried the same natural deftness into a score of small household repairs. He devised new cradles for Miss Bracy's cats, and those conservative animals at once accepted the improvement; he invented a cupboard for his father's canvases; he laid an electric bell from the kitchen beneath the floor of the dining room, so that Miss Bracy could ring for Deborah by a mere pressure of the foot; and the well-rope which Deborah had been used to wind up patiently was soon fitted with a wheel and balance-weight which saved four-fifths of the labor.

"It beats me where you learned how to do these things," his father protested.

"But it doesn't want learning; it's all so simple—not like painting, you know."

Mr. Frank had been corresponding with the boy's head master.

"Yes, he is a good fellow," said one of the letters. "Just a gentle, clean-minded boy, with courage at call when he wants it, and one really remarkable talent. You may not have discovered it, but he is a mathematician, and as different from the ordinary book-made mathematician—from the dozens of boys I send up regularly to Cambridge—as cheese is from chalk. He has a sort of passion for pure reasoning—for its processes. Of course he does not know it, but from the first it has been a pleasure to me (an old pupil of Routh's) to watch his work. 'Style' is not a word one associates as a rule with mathematics, but I can use no other to express the quality which your boy brings to that study. . . . "

"Good Lord!" groaned Mr. Frank, who had never been able to add up his washing bills.

He read the letter to Miss Bracy, and the pair began to watch Victor with a new wonder. They were confident that no Bracy had ever been a mathematician; for an uncle of

theirs, now a rector in Shropshire and once of Emmanuel College, Cambridge (where, for reasons best known to himself, he had sought honors in the mathematical tripos, and narrowly missed the Wooden Spoon), had clearly no claim to the title. Whence in the world did the boy derive this great gift?

"His mother——" Miss Bracy began, and broke off as a puff of smoke shot out from the fireplace. It was late September. Deborah had lit the fire that morning for the first time since May, and the chimney never drew well at starting. Miss Bracy took the tongs in hand, but she was not thinking of the smoke; neither was Mr. Frank while he watched her. They were both thinking of the dead woman. The thought of her—the ghost of her—was always rising now between them and her boy; *she* was the impalpable screen they tried daily and in vain to pierce; to *her* they had come to refer unconsciously all that was inexplicable in him. And so much was inexplicable! They both loved him now; they stretched out their hands to him; behind *her* he smiled at them, but through or across *her* their hands could never reach.

As at first they had avoided all allusion to her and were thankful that the boy's reticence made it easy, so now they grew almost feverishly anxious to discover how he felt toward his mother's memory. They detected each other laying small traps for him, and were ashamed. They held their breath as with an air of cheerful unconsciousness he walked past the traps, escaping them one and all. At first in her irritation Miss Bracy accused him of what she (of all women!) called false pride. "He is ashamed of her. He wishes to forget, and is only too glad that we began by encouraging him." On second thoughts she knew the charge to be undeserved and odious. His obvious simplicity gave it the lie. Besides, she knew that a small water-color sketch of his mother in her youth—a drawing of Mr. Frank's—stood on the table in the boy's bedroom. Miss Bracy often dusted that room with her own hands.

"And, Frank," she confessed one day, "he kisses it! I know by the dullness on the glass when I rub it." She did not add that she rubbed it viciously. "I tell you," she insisted almost with a groan, "he lives with her. She is with him in this house in spite of us; she talks with him; his real existence is with her. He comes out of it to make himself pleasant to us, but he goes back and tells her his secrets."

"Nonsense, Laura," Mr. Frank interrupted testily. "For some reason or other the boy is getting on your nerves. It is natural, after all."

"Natural? Yes, I see; you mean that I'm an old maid, and it's a case of crabbed age and youth."

"My dear Laura, I mean nothing so rude. But, after all, we have been living here a great many years, and it *is* a change."

"Frank, you can be singularly dense at times. Must I tell you in so many words that I am fond of the boy, and if he'd be only as fond of me he might racket the house down and I'd only like him the better for it?"

Mr. Frank rubbed his head, and then with sudden resolution marched out of the house in search of Victor. He found the boy on the roof removing a patent cowl which the local man had set up a week before to cure the smoky chimney.

"My dear fellow," the father cried up. "You'll break your neck! Come down at once—I have something particular to say to you."

Victor descended with the cowl under his arm.

"The fact is, my boy, I've come to a decision. This has been a pleasant time—a very pleasant time—for all of us. We have put off speaking to you about this, but I hope you understand that this is to be your home henceforward; that we wish it and shall be the happier for having you. . . ."

Victor had been gazing out over the cove, but now turned and met his father's eyes frankly.

"I have a little money," he said. "Mother managed to put by a small sum from time to time—enough to start me in life. She did not tell me until a few days before she died; she knew I wanted to be an engineer."

He said this quite simply. It was the first time he had mentioned his mother. Mr. Frank felt his face flushing.

"But your head master tells me it will be a thousand pities if you don't go to Cambridge. I am proposing that you should go there—should matriculate this term. My dear boy"—he laid a hand on Victor's arm—"don't refuse me this. I have no right, perhaps, to insist; but I dare say you can guess what your acceptance would mean to me. You can choose your own career when the time comes. For your sake your mother would have liked this; ask yourself if she would not."

Mr. Frank had not looked forward to pleading like this, yet when it came to the point this seemed his only possible attitude. Victor had removed his gaze, and his eyes were resting now on the green, sunny waves rolling in at the harbor's mouth. For about a minute he kept silence, then:

"Yes, she would advise it," he said. It was as though he had laid the case before an unseen counselor and waited submissively for the answer. Mr. Frank had gained his end and without trouble, yet he felt a disappointment he could not at once explain. He was the last man in the world to expect a gratitude which he did not deserve, but in the satisfaction of carrying his point he missed something, and surmised what he missed. The boy had not turned to *him* for the answer, but had turned away and brought it to him. Father and son would never have the deeper joy of taking counsel together—heart to heart.

V

SO VICTOR went up to Trinity and returned for the Christmas vacation on the heels of the announcement that he had won a scholarship. He had grown more manly and serious, and he smoked a tobacco which sorely tried Miss Bracy's distinguished nose, but he kept the boyish laugh—the laugh which always seemed to them to call invitingly from the door of his soul: "Why don't you enter and read me? The house is clean and full of good-will—come!" But though they never ceased trying they could never penetrate to those inner chambers. Sometimes—though they might be talking of most trivial matters—the appeal would suddenly grow pathetic, almost plangent: "What is this that shuts me off from you? We sit together and love one another; why am I set apart?" Time was when he had seemed to them consciously reticent, almost of set purpose, but now it was they who, looking within the doorway, saw the dead woman standing there with finger on lip.

His first Easter vacation he spent with a reading-party in Cumberland. There he first tasted the "sacred fury" of the mountains and mountain-climbing, and in Switzerland, the next August, it grew to be a passion. He returned to it again and again, in Cumberland playing at the game with half a dozen fellow-undergraduates whom he had bitten with the mania, but in Switzerland during the long vacations giving himself over to a glut of it, with only a guide and porter for company—sometimes alone, if he could ever be said to be alone. As in mathematics, so in his sport, the cold heights were the mistresses he wooed; the peaks called to him, the rare atmosphere, the glittering wastes. He neither scorned danger nor was daunted by it. Below in the forests he would sing, but the summits held him silent. As an old pastor at Zermatt told Mr. Frank, he would come down from a mountain "like Moses, with his face illumined."

He started on his third visit to Switzerland early in July; in the second week in August Miss Bracy and Mr. Frank were to join him at Chamounix, and thence the three would make a tour together. He started in the highest spirits, and halted at the gate to wave his ice-ax defiantly. . . .

(*Continued on Page 19*)

PUBLIC PROPERTY IN PRIVATE HANDS

By CARTER H. HARRISON
Mayor of Chicago

TWENTY years ago municipal ownership of public utilities was commonly regarded as a chimera, as the impractical and fanciful dream of the socialist and the theorist. Then it was looked upon as a visionary scheme, pretty and attractive in theory, but too vague and elusive to stand the test of actual practice. To-day it is a practical, definite business proposition, appealing forcefully to each citizen whose judgment is unbiased by ownership of stocks, bonds and other securities, or whose personality is unaffected by the hypnotic influence of such interests, as the one common-sense method of handling in the not distant future a vexatious problem.

The owner of blocks of stocks and bonds and the speculator in market securities still sees, or fancies he sees, or, as is much to the same purpose, claims he sees, in municipal ownership what with jaundiced judgment he is pleased to term a phase of anarchy.

Four years of experience in public life have taught me a full appreciation of the many ways in which the public spoliator finds it possible to apply this elastic term of anarchy. Every effort to give fair treatment and justice to the plain every-day citizen, if it touch the wallet of the financier, is at once dubbed anarchy, and the innocent-minded, whose condition the effort has been made to improve, is asked to condemn it as such. For generations the guileless public has made a handful of its fellows the beneficiaries of franchises to use public property for private gain, either altogether without reciprocal obligation or with obligations quite incommensurate to the advantages they have enjoyed.

These franchises for many years have been exercised without a word of protest. For so long has the use of public property for private gain been enjoyed as no more and no less than a rightful personal advantage that at length the franchise holder has come to look upon his title as the king or emperor looks upon his right to rule. To his seeming way of thinking the title sprang originally, not from the heedlessness of the public, but from a species of divine origin; and opposition smacks almost of blasphemy. Kings and emperors rule *Dei gratia;* by a kindred grace of God the street-railway magnate, the gas magnate, the telephone magnate, the electricity magnate and all the other magnates would seem to claim their public grants.

These grants have been held some for decades, some for generations. They have become the patents of nobility of our American moneyed aristocracy. To-day it has come to a pass when, according to the lights of many, to deny in words their justice is dubbed inciting the people to riot; to deny in act is to raise the red torch and to wave the red flag of anarchy. For years the whole public had accepted these conditions without a murmur. The patience of the public, and especially of the American public, it may be said parenthetically, is so long and so enduring as to merit being turned into a proverb. The explanation, if any be needed, may be found in this, that these franchises have been held by the first citizens of each community; their general reputation for uprightness and fair dealing has served as a cloak behind which the schemer and the promoter have worked secretly, industriously and in perfect security.

The System Already Tested Abroad

Gradually word came to the ears of the plain citizen of this country that in the cities of Great Britain and of the Continent public ownership was not looked upon as a dream, nor were its advocates denounced as enemies of organized society. The Anglomania of the rich, the aping by the franchise-holding coterie of the dress, the manners, the ideas of the little tight isle, the marriages of its daughters to the scions of English families, the rush of many of its members for homes among and companionship with England's people, might have served as excusable incentives to the every-day citizen to practice a little Anglomania in public ownership on his own part, if any incentive, other than the beneficial results to be obtained, were needed.

He learned that in the capitals of Europe, where advanced municipal thought favored public ownership, practical business sense was putting it into operation. He found it not only considered right in theory, but actually working well in practice. The more he studied the question the more favorably he came to look upon it. He weighed the arguments in its favor and found them convincing; he analyzed the arguments against it and found them false and misleading. As a result of his studies and observations the thoughtful citizen of to-day looks to municipal ownership as the certain ultimate method of handling practically and sensibly the public utilities of a municipality.

The claim that the theory under discussion is a species of anarchy is too absurd to demand more than cursory mention. A single statement should suffice to explode so threadbare an argument. Glasgow is not an anarchistic city nor is the canny Scot in general considered either wild-eyed or visionary. By common consent he is adjudged a shrewd, level-headed man, with more of logic in his mental make-up than of poetry—though he lacks not the latter—and with a greater love for the dollar than for unproductive, though rosy tinted, dreams. In Glasgow public ownership has advanced to the stage where the city owns and operates, to the satisfaction of the user as well as to the profit of the municipality, not only the water system, but the street cars, the gas works and the telephone system. Yet it has not so far been claimed, even in the most ultra of financial circles, that the metropolis of the Land of the Heather is flying the red flag of anarchy. Investigation rather develops the information that the rates charged to the public for the service are low, while the profits to the public resulting from public operation are so great that taxes have reached their low-water mark.

Greater force is found in the argument that public ownership would result in a standing army of city employees who, because of the method of their appointment, would prove unsatisfactory servants, and who, on account of their number, would control city elections.

These are queer arguments, however, to be propounded by the beneficiaries of the present system of public franchise grants. No greater number of employees would be employed by any given utility, operated under public ownership, than is employed to-day under private ownership. This is, or at least it would seem to be, a self-evident proposition. Nor

would the taking of a utility under public ownership put its employees in politics to any greater extent than they are to-day. This is a self evident proposition, to the initiated at least

Patronage has been dubbed the curse of politics. It is certainly the bane of the average politician. When a political victory has been won by an alderman or a councilman he is at once beset by the hungry faithful for a share of the spoils of war. There are many more applicants for the jobs in the municipal gift than there are jobs to be given. The alderman-elect is supposed to be in favor with the public service corporations because of favors to be asked and favors to be granted. The corporations are anxious to serve the new official — and, incidentally, to place him under obligations. The faithful political worker is persistent in his appeals for what he and his friends call "recognition." Recognition, in the political dictionary, means a tangible reward for work done — in other words, a job. A call or two at the general offices of the corporation, a letter or two, and for the new official a troublesome visitor has been disposed of.

Pernicious Activity of Some Corporations

Nor is it only in the method of their appointment that employees of public-service corporations may be said to be in politics. Common report asserts that not infrequently these corporations become very busy about election time. The charge has been made in Chicago, for instance, that a certain election has been won or lost by what is called "the car-barn vote." From the very nature of things public-service corporations have both friends to assist and enemies to punish. Corporations may have no souls, but their managers at times have very long memories, marvelous faculties for harboring a grudge, and very long knives to sheathe in the backs of those who have stood in their way. Municipal elections are in these days expensive affairs, and corporations, it is said, frequently find it to their interest to make large donations of funds to the side in which they are interested

I have known of several local elections in which word has gone forth from certain corporation offices that one ticket should receive the support of its employees and that another ticket should be knifed. A barn-boss has been accused of sending for the employees to tell them what the company expected. The employees have been handed lithographs which they were ordered to place in their windows and buttons which they were ordered to wear on the lapels of their coats They have been told their prosperity hangs upon the outcome of the election, and they have been advised in no uncertain manner on which side of the slice of bread the street-car butter was spread

In short, the employees of the companies enjoying public grants are as much in politics to day and are as dominant political factors as could possibly be the employees of a municipally operated utility, even were the latter to be appointed under the old-time spoils system. I have always held that the prerequisite of municipal ownership of any utility was a fast, firm, rigid civil service system under which men were selected for their merit, retained for their good behavior and advanced for their ability. If merit be the test for original appointment and ability, as well as faithful service the measure of after-advancement in the service, the employees under municipal domination would have but little time to do more than to exercise their right of citizenship: to vote.

To those who fear municipal operation and its fancied dangers the advocate thereof comes with reassuring words It is both possible and practicable to have ownership of utilities without operation of them. Take the street-car utility as an example. A city may reserve to itself the ownership of rights-of-way and lay the rails along them, and then lease to the highest bidder at public auctions held at stated intervals the right to operate upon those rails tramway cars subject to certain preimposed conditions. This is the Toronto system and constitutes actual public ownership. It works to the satisfaction of the citizens of the busy Canadian city, we are told; and I, for one, fail to see the prints of the red hand of anarchy anywhere upon it. Public ownership properly administered and correctly applied, would not lead to the improper influencing of elections by the creation of a standing army of employees; rather may it be asserted, the system would reach farther toward a purification of politics than any advance step in the conduct of municipal affairs that could to-day be suggested.

The Debauchery of Present Conditions

The curse of American public affairs may be found in the prevailing system of so-called machine politics, in boss rule, and in the attending improper influencing and debauching of public officials. There are few cities in the nation in which the tongue of scandal has not been busy at times, if not at all times, in charging corruption and debauchery against the legislative branch of their government.

Nor do municipal executives go altogether scot free. Executives have been charged with securing for their own ends, their individual gain and profit, the passage of ordinances creating franchises of all characters and descriptions. Aldermen have been charged with profiting by these grants. The very granting of public franchises opens wide the doors to undue influence and improper motives. Aldermen are frequently assailed as being in the market offering their votes to the highest bidder when a plum in the shape of a franchise is to be bartered away; even more, they are charged at times with being unwilling to vote for any measure, no matter how meritorious it may be, if, directly or incidentally, it concerns a company operating under a public franchise — unless it may be made worth their while so to vote.

These charges have been bandied about with so much of freedom, and in many cases with so firm a basis of justice, that in the eyes of the super-suspicious the holding of public office is of itself almost a badge of corruption. Thus public morals are being undermined. Personal honesty and private integrity will not long survive general doubt of the existence of public and official morality. Individual honesty and official integrity are closely correlated; indeed the two virtues are inseparable. The one is an absolute index to the other. Public morals weaken and finally fail when private morality is at a low ebb; private morals reflect with all its shameful ugliness debauchery in public life.

Party politics in large cities, constituted as it is to-day, revolves largely about a centre of corruption. Officials, whether of high or low station, are the constant target of temptation Read the files of the daily newspapers. If a tithe of the charges be true, inspectors and other minor employees have been lured from the straight and narrow path of duty, chiefs of bureaus and department heads have been blind to their public obligations; councils, with flagrant and notorious contempt of public opinion, have bartered away public rights; executives have nodded when great magnates have beckoned; taxing bodies have ignored the law and defied public opinion that corporation taxes might be scaled down to a minimum, court bailiffs have become the hirelings of corporations in debauching trial by jury; judges have inclined their ears attentively to the voice of temptation, juries, packed for ulterior purposes, or corrupted after impaneling, have, false to their oaths and recreant to their duty, thrown the law and the evidence to the winds

All this awful arraignment of conditions as they exist in many of the great municipalities of the land is directly and inevitably traceable to the influence of the beneficiaries of public franchises. The picture is not drawn for the sake of misrepresentation of facts nor to pander to the sensational The columns of the daily press in New York, in Chicago, in Philadelphia, if hastily scanned for the past six months, will furnish established cases to prove the truth of each charge. The disease exists; the duty of the patriotic citizen lies first in finding the remedy and then in applying it, no matter how heroic it may be

A Successful Crusade Against Boodle

Chicago to-day is in a period of revival; for a generation or more there was indifference and resulting decline. The public slumbered in apathy and public morals suffered. Finally there came an awakening, due in large measure to a high moral tone in the daily press, as well as to the tireless and for a time thankless labors of public spirited associations. All that was needed was to arouse the public from its lethargy. And so it has come to pass that the people's eyes are open, and the first demand made upon a city official is that he look to the public as his master and not to the managers of great corporations. For the past decade public opinion has waged a fierce and unrelenting warfare against what is known as boodle in politics For its first fruits the city has obtained an honest city council. To day the crusade is already on for an honest legislature.

Why should such crusades be necessary? Think of the shame of it! Chicago, the most progressive of American cities, the one great city which has rescued its city council from corporation thraldom obliged, at the dawn of the twentieth century, to battle for honesty in the body that makes the laws of the State!

Were public ownership of public utilities desirable on no other grounds, in the widespread debauchery of public servants by existing corporations could be found good and ample reason for the innovation.

Theorists make much of the argument that a private company can operate with greater economy than would be possible under a system of public ownership. Theorists delight in the abstract; the practical man likes to reduce a theory to a concrete condition. As an abstract theory this argument has a convincing sound; let us see how well it works out in practice. Economy of operation means increase of profit. Increase of profit may be applied to betterment of service, to reduction of price, to increase of wages, or to enlargement of dividends. The first three applications might be obtained under public ownership; the last is the almost inevitable result under private ownership.

For the sake of getting at concrete facts let us consider conditions as they exist in the management of street-car companies. In what city of the land are patrons provided with additional seats for the bare reason that the income of the company is on the rise? It is a well-established fact that standing room is easy and cheap; and it is an axiom in the directors' room of a street-car company that the fare of each man who hangs on a strap is, in the language of a poker player, so much pure velvet. How often are additional transfers given as a voluntary contribution of the directorate to the public which pays the freight? To increase the number of transfer stations means a corresponding reduction of profit. How often are fares reduced merely because a large surplus is burdening the treasury? The street-car manager, in his zeal for the public good and with a charming ingenuousness, tells how troublesome it is to the public to handle anything smaller than a nickel fare. Making change wastes the dear public's time, and besides, pennies are such difficult coins to handle. The pay of employees is not increased to-day except when long and disastrous strikes have destroyed valuable property, cost many lives, demoralized the public with a face-to face acquaintance with the evils, the horrors, the tragedies of a riot

Betterment of service, reduction of fare, increase of wages might be obtained under public control; under private management new stock is issued, false bond issues are marketed, barrels of water are poured into the securities, and dividends and interest money are paid thereon.

If public management should prove uneconomical what would be the cause? Lines would be extended not merely for the earning of money, nor for the purpose of shutting out possible competition, but to suit the convenience of the public. There might be lack of judgment, or a too easy complacency in extending feeder lines into unproductive territory: such extravagance would be more than made up by the miles and miles of rail which could be removed in almost any city from streets where the iron has been laid for no other purpose under the heavens than to prevent some rival company from obtaining a competing right-of-way.

Wages would be a fair compensation for a fair day's work, and the surplus earnings would apply toward the lowering of general taxation, toward providing for the necessities and the giving of a few luxuries to the people at large, not as under private ownership, toward swelling the bank accounts of already overrich stockholders. Figured to its ultimate solution public ownership would mean the profit of the many rather than the profit of the few. Under it the reason for the watering of stocks would disappear. Huge bulks of securities would no longer be saddled on an unsuspecting public. A hard blow would be struck at the speculative world perhaps, but it is doubtful whether any lasting disturbance of its nerve centres would ensue, or whether anything but a permanent benefit to legitimate business ventures would be the result.

The situation might be summed up something after this fashion: Public ownership once correctly established would be a godsend to our municipalities in particular, as well as to the nation at large. As an absolute prerequisite, however, public ownership demands the establishment of a stable civil-service system, sufficiently rigid to prove a bar to the introduction of political methods, sufficiently elastic to permit the recognition of efficient service and the giving of adequate reward.

In short, the first effort of those who believe in public control should be directed toward the establishment in every municipality of a genuine, common-sense, businesslike civil-service system, free from the frills, the furbelows, the ultra refinements of the professional reformer; a service which will make merit the sole ground for original appointment and merit the sole stepping-stone to advancement.

Without a proper merit system, so firmly established as to be a guaranty of efficient and honest service, public ownership would be a curse to the community in which it was given trial; with such a civil service installed for a sufficient space of time to weed out the bad and nurture, and strengthen the good it would mean better service, a cheapening of cost to the public, recognition of the people's rights, a betterment of the condition of the employees. Last but not least, it would go far toward securing for a municipality freedom from gang politics, with its attendant evils of boss rule, boodle legislation and public spoliation.

The Preponderance of Man

THE population figures gathered by the new Census are now nearly complete for the entire country, and they make an interesting showing in regard to the proportions of the sexes in the United States. It appears from the data thus presented that, in the sum total, the males have largely the advantage, outnumbering the gentler sex 24 in every 1000.

Thus it is obvious that, if all of the women do not get husbands, it is not for lack of available material. In Idaho there are 223 men for every 100 women. Montana has 160 men for every 100 women. Nevada has 153 men for every 100 women. Arizona has 140 men, Oregon 129 men, and California 123 men for every 100 women. The disparity in favor of the masculine gender in those States, as well as in Wyoming and North Dakota, is so great as to suggest the advisability of a concerted movement of spinsters from the effete East, where the feminine element of the population has a tendency to equal or even surpass the ruder sex numerically.

The overplus of women in Massachusetts has long been known, and it is not surprising to learn from the figures of the new Census that for every 100 men in the Bay State there are 105 women. Rhode Island is almost the same, with nearly 104 women for every 100 men. In New Hampshire and Vermont the sexes are on a close equality numerically, and Maine has 103 men to every 100 women.

New York State has 101 women for every 100 men. Pennsylvania, on the other hand, claims 103 men for every 100 women. Maryland, turning it about, has 103 women for every 100 men. North Carolina and South Carolina are both slightly deficient in men, but nearly everywhere else the latter have the advantage in point of numbers.

The figures for the "conjugal condition" of the population have not been made up yet, but probably they will show, as in 1890, that about three-fifths of the people of the country (including children, of course) are single, a little more than one-third married, and not quite one-twentieth widowed. The divorced constitute but a small fraction of one per cent. of the whole number. It is noted that divorced men remarry much more often than divorced women

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

By
Hamlin Garland
Author of
The Eagle's Heart

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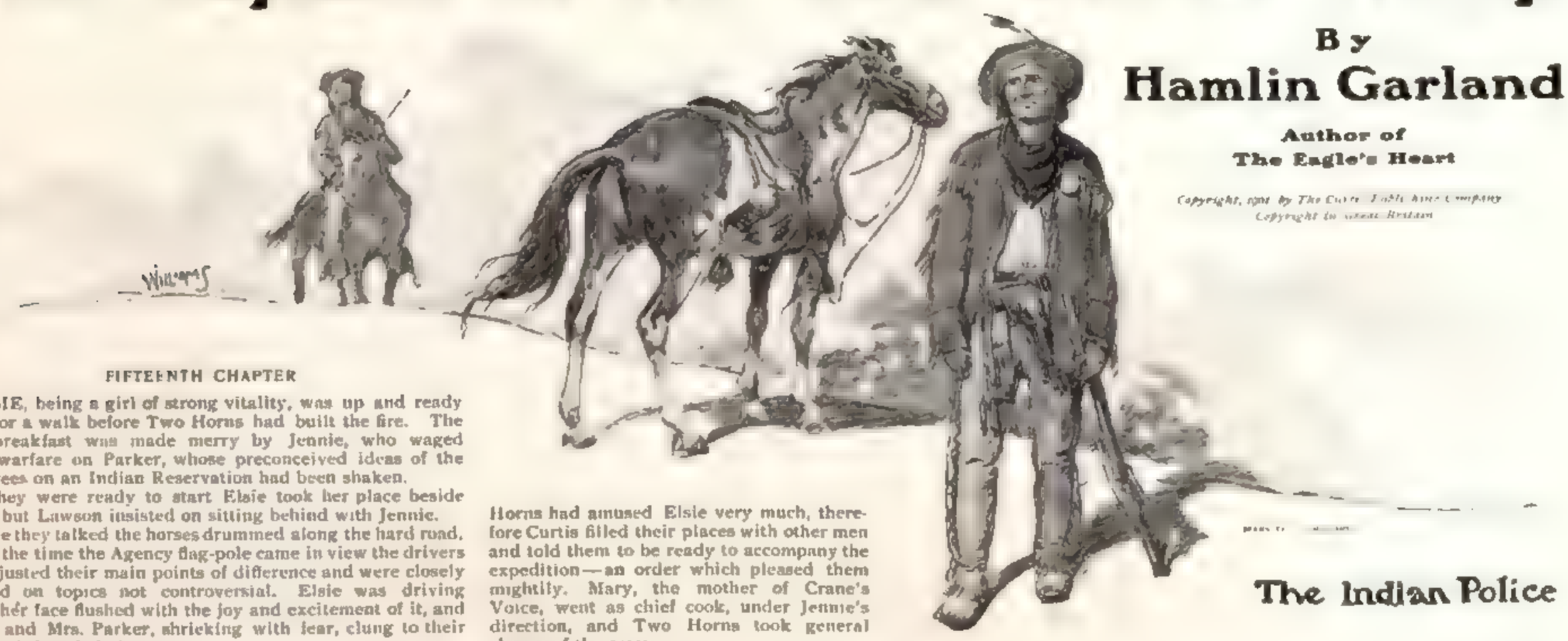

The Indian Police

FIFTEENTH CHAPTER

ELSIE, being a girl of strong vitality, was up and ready for a walk before Two Horns had built the fire. The breakfast was made merry by Jennie, who waged gentle warfare on Parker, whose preconceived ideas of the employees on an Indian Reservation had been shaken.

As they were ready to start Elsie took her place beside Curtis, but Lawson insisted on sitting behind with Jennie.

While they talked the horses drummed along the hard road, and by the time the Agency flag-pole came in view the drivers had adjusted their main points of difference and were closely engaged on topics not controversial. Elsie was driving again, her face flushed with the joy and excitement of it, and Jennie and Mrs. Parker, shrieking with fear, clung to their seats with frenzied clasp.

Having surrendered all idea of further courtship, Curtis was entirely at his ease and more humanly interesting than he had ever been. Whereas, as Elsie's lover, he had been careful to consider the effect of every word, he now went to her service as frankly as Lawson himself, and his thoughtfulness touched her deeply. Her old studio had been put in order, and her room, which had been fitted only with makeshift devices during her previous occupancy, now contained all needful furniture and looked very clean and comfortable.

Jennie apologized. "Of course it's like camping compared to your own splendid home, but Curtis said you wouldn't mind that, being an artist. He has an idea an artist can sleep in a palace one night and a pigsty the next and rejoice."

Surely being Indian Agent was not at the moment the grim, vexatious experience Curtis had once considered it. If the charm of such company should get reckoned as one of the perquisites of the office, the crush of applicants would thicken into a riot. He found it hard to leave his guests after luncheon and go back to his work in the office, and when he had firmly clutched his pen and bent his head above his desk his mind wandered to pleasanter things, and he began to make out a list of the necessaries for the proposed camping trip.

His peace of mind was broken about three o'clock by Two Horns and Crawling Elk, who brought into his office a young man who said he had been struck on the head by a rock at the hands of a sheep-herder.

Curtis instantly became the soldier and the Agent.

"Sit down—all of you!" he commanded. "Now, Yellow Hand, tell your story."

Yellow Hand, a tall and sinister-looking fellow, told his story in sign talk.

"I was riding the edge of the Reservation, as Crawling Elk had told me and as you commanded, when I came on this sheepman driving his sheep across the river. I called to him to keep away—but he kept on pushing the sheep into the river. Then I tried to drive the sheep back. This made him angry and he threw a rock at me and struck me here——" he touched his bandaged head. "I had no gun, so I came away."

"Did you throw rocks at him?" asked Curtis.

"No, I was on my horse."

"You rode among his sheep?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was wrong. You should have reported to me and I would have sent a policeman. You must not make trouble with these men. Come to me or report to Blue Jay, who is your policeman over there. The white men are angry at Washington and we must be careful not to make them throw rocks at us. I will send Crow back with you and remove this man."

As they went out Curtis said to Wilson: "They seem determined to involve us in a shooting scrape in order to influence Congress. We must be very careful. I am afraid I ought not to take this camping trip just now."

"Don't put too much importance on this scrape, Major. Yellow Hand is always getting into trouble. He's quarrelsome."

"I'd disarm a few of these reckless young fellows if it would do any good," said Curtis after a pause.

"It wouldn't. They'd simply borrow a gun of some one; besides, it won't do to disarm the whole tribe, for if you do these bold bordermen will swarm in here and run us all out."

"I'm particularly anxious just now on account of our visitors."

"I don't think you need to be, Major. You take your trip with your friends. I'll guarantee nothing serious happens down here—and as you are not to leave the Reservation I don't see that the Department can have any roar coming."

Nevertheless it was with some misgiving that Curtis made his final arrangements for the start. Crane's Voice and Two Horns had amused Elsie very much, therefore Curtis filled their places with other men and told them to be ready to accompany the expedition—an order which pleased them mightily. Mary, the mother of Crane's Voice, went as chief cook, under Jennie's direction, and Two Horns took general charge of the camp.

The afternoon drive was slow and tedious, for the road climbed rapidly and was rough, and in places boggy.

"It is a different world up here," Elsie said again and again. "I can't believe we are only a half-day's drive from the Agency. I never saw more delicious greens."

At last, just on the edge of a small lake and under sparse pines, they drew into camp. Across the lake the top of a snow mountain could be seen, and against it a thin column of blue smoke curled fixedly. The water, dark as topaz and smooth as oil, reflected the opposite shore with magic clearness, and Elsie cried:

"Where is my paint-box? Here is the background for something—I don't know what."

She was soon at work, with Lawson and Parker standing by her side, overlooking her panel.

"There's no color in that," Parker said finally. "It's a black and white merely. It's charm is in things you can't paint."

"Go away—both of you," she commanded curtly, and they retreated to the camp, where Curtis was setting the tents, while Jennie, old Mary and Two Horns, with swift and harmonious action, brought appetizing odors out of various cans and boxes, and the crackle of the fire increased to a gentle roar.

They were all hungry, and Jennie's supper received such praise as comes from friends who speak and devour—Parker nearly devoured without speaking, so lank and empty was he with his walking. Elsie seemed to have forgotten her life of luxury and to have reverted to some primitive state, for she found everything good. Altogether trouble and toil were dethroned tyrants, so far as these few souls were concerned.

Supper being eaten, the men lighted their cigars, and the whole party walked out to the edge of the little pond and lounged about on blankets and watched the sun go down. Talk grew more subdued as the beauty and the mystery of the night deepened. Elsie listened to every sound and asked innumerable questions of Curtis. She insisted on knowing the name of every bird or beast whose call could be heard. His woodcraft both pleased and astonished her. Mrs. Parker, with her lap full of botanical specimens, was busy with their classification. Parker, as a gentleman of leisure, had nothing to do but enjoy the peaceful coming of the dusk.

It was natural that, as host, Curtis should enjoy a large part of Elsie's company, but neither of them seemed to realize that Lawson was being left quite unheeded in the background. Lawson himself seemed unconscious of his loss.

As they sat thus watching the fire grow in power as the darkness thickened, the Captain suddenly lifted his hand.

"Hark!" All listened.

Crane's Voice spoke first. "One man come on horse."

"Some messenger for me probably," said the Captain. "I hope not."

As the steady drumming of the horse's hoofs increased in power Elsie felt something chill creeping beneath the roots of her hair. Perhaps the Tetongs had broken out in war against the whites! Perhaps——

A tall young red man slipped from his tired horse and approached the Agent. In his extended hand lay an envelope which gleamed in the firelight. As Curtis took this letter the messenger, squatting before the fire, began to roll a cigarette. His lean and powerful face was shadowed by a limp sombrero, and his eyes were deeply hidden, but his lips appeared grave and calm. A quirt dangled from his right wrist and in the two braids of his hair green eagle-plumes were twisted. The star on the lapel of his embroidered vest showed him to be a police officer. From the intensity of his attitude it was plain he was studying his Agent in order to divine the character of the message through his involuntary expression.

Curtis turned the paper slowly and without excitement. In signs he said: "I have read it. You will camp with Two Horns. Go, get some food. Mary will give you meat."

Turning to his guests he said: "It is nothing alarming—merely some business I forgot to attend to before I left."

"By George, what a picture the fellow made sitting there!" said Parker. "It was like an illustration in a novel. Why don't you paint that kind of thing, Bee Bee?"

"Because I can't," she replied. "Don't you suppose I saw it? I'd need the skill of Zorn to do a thing as big and mysterious as that. Did you see the intensity of his pose? He expected Captain Curtis to show excitement or alarm. He was very curious to know what it was—don't you think so?"

Curtis laughed. "Yes, I suppose he was. The settlers have kept the tribe wrought up all the spring by threats of running them off the Reservation. Of course they wouldn't dare to resort to violence, but there are a few irresponsibles who cannot be controlled, and their tongues wag longest and clang loudest. I suppose the messenger thought the paper more important than it was."

In spite of his reassuring tone a vague fear fell over the camping party. Parker was frankly alarmed.

"If you think there is any danger, Captain, I want to get out o' here quick. I'm not here to study the Tetong with his war-paint on. Dramatic painting is Bee Bee's specialty."

Curtis was a little annoyed. "If there had been any danger, Mr. Parker, I would not have left my office. I shall have a report similar to this every day while I am away, so please be composed."

The policeman came back, resumed his squatting posture before the fire, and entered upon a series of vigorous and splendid gestures to which the Captain replied, absorbed, intent, with a face as inscrutable as the Indian's own. The contrast between the resolute, handsome face of the young white man and that of the rough-hewn Tetong was superb.

Elsie seized a block of paper and a soft pencil and began to sketch them both against a background of mysterious blackness out of which a pine bole gleamed ashy white.

Suddenly, silently, as though one of the tree-trunks had taken on life, another Tetong appeared in the circle of the firelight and stood with deep-sunk eyes fastened on the Captain's face. Another followed and still others, till two old men and four young fellows ranged themselves in a semicircle before their Agent, with Crane's Voice and Two Horns at the left and a little behind. The old men smoked a long pipe, but the young men rolled cigarettes, taking no part in the council.

It was all very mysterious and menacing to Elsie and the Parkers till Curtis turned to say: "These are my mill-hands—good, faithful boys, too."

"We're glad to hear it," replied Parker. "They looked uncommonly like a scalping party."

"I thought your faces were extra solemn," remarked Curtis dryly; but Lawson knew that Curtis was not as entirely at ease as he pretended to be, for old Crow Killer had a bitter story to relate of the passage of a band of cowboys who had stampeded his ponies and shot at him—one bullet passing so close to his ear that it burned the skin.

"They wish to kill us, these cattlemen," he said sombrely in conclusion.

Happily his vehemence did not reach the comprehension of the women nor the understanding of Parker, and Lawson smoked on as calmly as if these telltale gestures were the flecking of shadows cast by the leaping flames. At last the Tetongs rose and vanished as silently as they had come. They seemed to pass through black curtains, so suddenly they disappeared.

In spite of all reassurance the women were a little reluctant to go to bed; at least Mrs. Parker and Elsie were.

"I wish the men's tent were not so far off," Mrs. Parker said to Elsie plaintively.

As she listened to the murmur of the men's voices Elsie detected herself waiting for the soldier's deep, clean-cut

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of December 14.

utterance and not for the nasal tenor of the man whose ring she wore." Her mind was filled, too, with the dramatic figure Curtis had made as he sat in gesture-talk with his Tetong wards. In case of trouble the safest place on all the Reservation would be by his side, for his people loved and trusted him. She did not go to sleep easily. The excitement, the strangeness of being in a tent, kept her alert long after Jennie and Mrs. Parker were breathing tranquilly on their cots.

One hears everything from a tent. It seems to stand in the midst of the world. It is like being in a diving-bell under water. Life goes on almost uninterruptedly. The girl heard a hundred obscure sounds which she could not understand. Mysterious footsteps—advancing, retreating—and whispered colloquies among the leaves gave her disquiet. Every unfamiliar sound was an omen of ill. The voices of birds and beasts no longer interested her; they scared her, and try as she would to banish these fancies they came again with every rush of the wind. It was deep night before she slept.

SIXTEENTH CHAPTER

ELSIE dreamed she was at the opera. It was Il Trovatore up to the moment when the prison song—that worn and yet ever mournful cry—should have soared forth, but in its place another strain came floating from afar; just a short phrase which sunk slowly, steadily, like a fragment of cloud from sky to earth to become tears of dew on the roses. Over and over it was repeated, so sad, so sweet, so elemental, it seemed that all the pain of love's thousand years was in it, longing and sorrow and despair, without relief, without hope, defiant of death.

Slowly the arch of the theatre faded; the gray light of morning crept into her eyes, and she perceived the walls of the tent; but the music still sounded on with occasional slight deviations of time and tone, but always the same. Beginning on a high key it fell by degrees—hesitating, swooping upward but ever falling, till it melted in with the solemn moan of the pines stirring above her head. Then she dozed again, and she seemed to be listening to it with some one whose hand she held. As she turned to ask whence the music came, a little shudder seized her, for in her dream the eyes that burned into hers were not those of Lawson, but of Curtis.

Then she wakened, but the music had ceased, and she lay still, hoping to hear it again. When she had fully roused to her surroundings she was convinced that she had dreamed the music as well as the other events, and a chill ran over her. "Why should I dream such a dream of *him*?"

She heard the soft lisp of moccasined feet outside and then the movement of some one of the men. Presently the fire began to crackle and then the rising sun threw a flood of golden light against the side of the tent, and Jennie lifted her arms and yawned, and at last sat up and listened.

"Oh, dear! Two Horns has the fire going and I must get up and superintend breakfast."

Mrs. Parker began to stir. "Jerome! What time is it?"

The girls laughed, and Jerome in the other tent replied sweetly: "Time to arise, Honey Plum."

Jennie began to laugh. "You people will need to hurry to be ready for breakfast; I'm just about ready to put the coffee on." She slipped outside. "Oh, girls! Get up at once; it's glorious out here on the lake."

Curtis was busy about the camp fire. "Good-morning, Sis. Here are some trout Crane has caught."

"Trout!" shouted Lawson from the tent.

"Trout!" echoed Parker. "We'll be there!" And the tent bulged and flapped with their hasty efforts at dressing.

In such spirit they all gathered to their breakfast. Curtis was puzzled by some subtle change in Elsie. Her gaze was not quite so frank and steady as it had been, and her color seemed a little more fitful, but she was as merry as a child and enjoyed everything as though it were done for her own amusement.

"What's the program for to-day?" asked Parker.

"After I inspect the sawmill we shall hook up and move over the divide to the headwaters of the Willow, and camp with Red Wolf's band."

"Hitch up, Crane. I'll be back in half an hour," said Curtis as he hurried away. When he returned the party were seated in the wagon, ready to start.

It must have been remorse for her neglect of Lawson the day before that moved Elsie to insist on sitting beside him in the back seat, while Mrs. Parker took her place with the driver. The keen pang of disappointment which crossed Curtis' heart warned him that his loyalty to his friend was in danger of being a burden, and the drive was robbed of all the blithe intercourse of the day before. Parker and Jennie fought clamorously on a variety of subjects in the middle distance, but Curtis was hardly more than monosyllabic to his companion in the immediate foreground.

Retracing their course to the valley road they crossed the stream and crawled slowly up the divide between the Elk and the Willow, and at one o'clock came down upon a sparse village of huts and teepees situated on the bank of a brook, just where it fell away from a narrow pond which was wedged among the foothills like an artificial reservoir. The spring was fresh and tender there and the violets were still timid.

Dogs were barking and snarling round the teams as a couple of old men appeared at the door of a teepee and came forward. One of them was very gray-haired but tall and broad-shouldered. This was Many Coos, a famous warrior and the historian of his tribe. He greeted the Agent soberly, expressing neither fear nor love. "Who are the people with you?" he asked; "I have not seen them before."

It was plain he was studying his Agent in order to divine the character of the message through his involuntary expression

To this Curtis replied: "They are my friends. This woman makes pictures of the hills and the lakes, and of chieftains like Many Coos."

Many Coos looked keenly at Elsie. "My eyes are old and poor," he slowly said. "But now I remember. This young girl was at the Agency last year," and he put up his hand, which was small and graceful even yet—the hand of an artist. "I make pictures also," he said.

When this was translated to her Elsie said: "You shall make a picture of me and I will make one of you."

At this the old man smiled and said, "It shall be so."

"Where is Red Wolf?" asked Curtis.

"He is away with Tailfeathers to keep the cowboys from our land."

"We will talk more of that by and by—we must now camp. Call your people together and we will council."

Driving a little above the village Curtis found a sheltered spot behind some low-growing pines and not far from the lake, and there hastened to pitch camp.

Parker cried out for food, and the others thanked him for his kind offices in expressing their own hunger.

The news flew from camp to camp that the "Little Father" had come, but no one crowded unseasonably to look at him. "We will council," Many Coos said, and he began to array himself for the ceremony. Horsemen galloped away to summon Red Wolf and others who lived down the valley. Never before had an Agent visited them in their homes and they were disposed to make the most of it.

By the time the white people had eaten their luncheon all the Tetong women were in their best dresses. The papooses were shining with the scrubbing they had suffered, and each one wore a cunning buckskin shirt, elaborate with beads and quills. A semi-circular wall of canvas had been erected to shield the old men from the mountain wind, and a detail of cooks were busied with the task of preparing the feast which would inevitably end the council.

Curtis was saying: "You will see in these people as near an approach to the Indian as he once was as can be found in the entire West." when Many Coos and a younger man slowly and gravely approached. "Many Coos is now in his official garb."

"How! How!" they said, as if they had not hitherto greeted the party.

"Please treat them with the same formality," warned Curtis. "It will pay you for the glimpse of the old time ceremony."

There was enough of the artist in Parker to see that Curtis was right. These men respected themselves, and as subjects for sculpture they were absorbing.

The younger man was unpainted save for some small blue figures on his forehead, and on his head he wore a Mexican hat which vastly became him. His face was one of the handsomest and most typical of his race.

"This young man is the son of the old man, and is called Blue Fox, or Southern Traveler, because he has been down where the Mexicans are. His hat he got there and he is very proud of it. An Indian often has a second name which comes from some deed. Many Coos in his youth was called Deer Runner, but his daring deeds gave him a second and more lasting name."

Jennie gave each of them a cup of coffee and a biscuit, of which they partook without haste, discussing meanwhile the coming council. "We did not know you were coming; some will not get here in time."

"To-night after the council we wish to dance," said Blue Fox abruptly, but meaning it as a request.

"It is forbidden in Washington to dance in the old way."

"We have heard of that; we will dance for your wives. They will be glad to see it."

"Very well, you may dance, but not too long. No war dance—only the Visitors' Dance."

"Aye, we understand," said Many Coos as he rose and drew his blanket about him. "In one hour we will come to council. Red Wolf will be there and Hump Shoulder and his son. It may be others will return in time."

The women were delighted at the promise of both a council and a dance, and Lawson unlimbered his camera in order to take some views of both functions, to the end that Elsie might benefit.

About four o'clock the crier, a tall old man, toothless and hollow-cheeked, began to cry, "Come to the council place," and Curtis led his flock to their places at one side of the circle, facing the head men.

The council began with all the old-time forms and gravity. Red Wolf was in the centre, Many Coos at his left. The pipe of peace went round, and those whose minds were not yet prepared for speech drew deep inspirations of the fragrant smoke in the hope that their thoughts might be clarified, and when they lifted their eyes they seemed not to perceive their visitors. The westering sun fell with untempered light on their heads but they faced it with the calm unconcern of eagles.

To please his guests Curtis allowed the utmost formality. The speeches were translated into English by Lawson, and at

(Continued on Page 15)

A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

By "The Congressman's Wife"

Judge Wagner and Admiral Schley

Senator Mason

Senator O. H. Platt, of Connecticut

Speaker Henderson

THE glamour of the holiday season has been upon everything of late, even upon the wags of the Senate Chamber, who have evidently been acting upon the principle that "as man is the only animal who laughs he is the only animal to be laughed at;" and they have been delightfully hilarious over one of their fellow-members upon whom they have bestowed the nickname, "Gift of God."

In my social rounds I began suddenly to hear allusions to the "Gift of God." I heard it first at an afternoon tea among a group of women, and I listened for an explanation The more I listened the more I was mystified; for I heard a débutante say: "I might hang up my stocking from now till doomsday and I'd never find a 'Gift of God' in it."

What did it mean? I went on a little further in my rounds and heard two Members of Congress make use of the mysterious words, "Gift of God." And still later a young society sprig was being advised to imitate Senatorial example and make himself a "Gift of God." It was evident to me that I was not keeping up with the town. That night at our own dinner-table, among some of our friends, I demanded

"Who and what is the 'Gift of God'?"

"Haven't you heard," said Robert with a laugh, "of a farewell dinner that has been given to our colleague who has just gone over seas to be married? Haven't you heard the fun poked at him because of his being his own Christmas gift to his bride?"

I had not heard a word of it. I asked "But where does the nickname 'Gift of God' come in?"

"Oh," said Senator P——, "one of the wags over in the House who is a member of the New York delegation had been delving in some ancient lore, and he came across the legend of Philippe II of France, who made a formal present of himself and all his divine rights to his people, who thereupon fell down in worship of him and hailed him 'Gift of God,' and on the spur of the moment the other night at this dinner he told this story. Everybody applied it at once, and amidst great fun they dubbed our colleague, 'Gift of God.'"

"And it will stick to him for the rest of his natural life," said Robert

After the laugh died down I said

"Well, from all accounts there are some ten or fifteen other Gifts of God in the Senate, and all of them more or less good looking, and I suppose when the time comes they will all act upon the same advice that our Senator from New York no doubt did: 'When thou makest a present let it be such as will last long.'"

My statement brought out a chorus of surprise from the feminine part of the table. They cried:

"There cannot be ten or fifteen eligible, marriageable Senators really, can there?"

Whereupon everybody at table set to work to count the number of men in the Senate who are either bachelors or widowers, and when the roll had been called it was found that my statement had been near the mark. There are four or five bachelors and some ten or twelve widowers, and as for the House—their number is legion.

"Good Heavens!" cried Senator P—— in alarm, "we old fellows shall have to form a double guard around these poor defenseless statesmen now that the onslaught has begun, for, with Depew and Blackburn setting the pace, there is no knowing where it will end."

Then Senator P—— asked me, with sly malice, how my Senatorial halo was fitting

"Well, I find my halo a pretty snug fit," I replied, "but I do wish I were like poor old Diogenes, who could put all his ambitions and desires into a small space. A tub was big enough for him, but I am finding that the whole world is too small for me, though I am becoming something of a philosopher, too, for I am learning to treat my earthenware as though it were plate."

"What's the matter now?" he asked

"Well, I don't mind telling you in private that I have still some ambitions ungratified. I think, for instance, I ought to be upon the same friendly footing with this new Administration that I was with the last, and I think that Robert ought to be seated upon the Republican side of the Senate instead of in that absurd Cherokee Strip; and then, too, he ought to be a member of the Metropolitan Club, for you know, Senator, that in Washington life if a man can have the hallmark of the Metropolitan Club upon him he may squint or have any other oblique attribute, but he is stamped as a man of the world and a man of affairs. But above all, I think that Robert should have a place on one of the big committees."

Robert caught this from his end of the table and said.

"Oh! I'm entirely satisfied."

"But I'm not," returned I, "And when I met Senator Platt, of Connecticut, the other day in the Capitol I told him so."

Robert was aghast, and I knew that when our guests should be gone I should come in for a sharp admonition for interfering, so I hurried on

"I met Senator Platt quite by accident and said to him, 'Mr. Platt, Mr. Slocum has been at the very tail end of all the committees. Why, who ever heard of the Revolutionary Claims Committee having anything to do? I don't believe they've had a claim before them in fifty years.'"

'And what did Platt say?" queried Robert with some irritation.

"Oh, he just looked at me in that preternaturally grave way of his and said: 'Perhaps, Mrs. Slocum, we want to keep your husband out of mischief. These new young Senators always think they have a mission to reform us old fellows, and when two such enterprising Constitutional reformers as Bailey and Slocum come to the Senate together, we have to put them where they cannot do much.'"

Robert was mightily tickled over this. He asked:

"How did you get over that?"

"Oh, I told him his policy was not so wise, after all; that the Senate would best keep reformers quiet by keeping them busy, and I asked him if he had never heard it said that 'the idle man is the devil's cushion.'"

"Poor Platt," said Robert. "He has had no easy job in arranging these committees and their respective committee-rooms. Why, the contention and jealousy among our colleagues has been something stupendous. In the first place, it was enough to keep Platt awake nights to know what to do with Wellington and McLaurin. Then Cullom suddenly decided he must have the chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee, and of course his seniority entitled him to it. Then Billy Mason, only four years in the Senate, by reason of his three seniors not being reelected, with his usual luck comes in for the chairmanship of Post-Offices and Post-Roads; and he and Cullom and Elkins and others have been fighting mad over the committee-rooms, and they actually have taken possession of certain rooms and put them under guard night and day until the corridor looks like a beleaguered fortress. Twenty years ago only the chairman of big committees had private rooms, but now every man in the Senate who has a committee wants two rooms and a score of clerks. The result is they've had to knock hole after hole in those big walls to make new rooms, and still no one is satisfied And," continued Robert, "they've been having a funny time over in the House with all their new committee-rooms. I went over there to look around, for I'm more at home on that side of the Capitol and like to go over there. I went into the new quarters of the Rivers and Harbors Committee. It was pandemonium let loose. The clerk of the committee had had to make a requisition for every blessed thing, and there was more red tape tied around every chair and desk that they had secured than you could unwind in a week Some one had given them a map as big as the State of Texas which had been dumped down on the floor. Then the clerk had obtained a hat-rack and a cuspidor, and finally a wash-bowl and pitcher. And this was about all the committee could get to go to housekeeping with, and there was no one to put them in place. The House carpenter said it was not his job to move furniture, and of course equally it was not the job for any messenger or assistant clerk to perform. Just at this acute stage Burton, of Ohio, the chairman, came in. He looked all around, then at me, and said

"'Well, I'll be blanked!'"

And Robert went off into a peal of laughter in which all of us joined.

"What becomes finally of the old furniture when new stuff is bought?" some one asked

"Oh," said Senator P——, 'Uncle Sam has a junk shop where all the old furniture is sold at auction. Up at the White House the chair that President McKinley had always used was a revolving-chair of solid oak, and when it was condemned and sold at auction Mr. Cortelyou bought it in and will keep it in memory of his chief. Cleveland gave his chair to Daniel Lamont. President Roosevelt's chair is much like the one the late President used. It is of oak with rattan back and seat."

It was shortly after this dinner that I had the satisfaction of having two of my desires gratified. In order to accomplish one or both of them I had carefully followed Ovid's advice of keeping one's hook always cast so that any unexpected fish might be caught, and I had brought up two fish thereby. I had been given an audience at the White House along with diplomats and officials, and also had been invited behind the receiving line in the Blue Room at one of Mrs. Roosevelt's Saturday afternoon receptions, and last, but not least, Robert had been elected a member of the Metropolitan Club.

When Robert told me that his name had been favorably acted upon and that he had already been to the club I was all interest, for this club has the most distinguished list of members of any club in the United States.

"Well, Robert, whom did you meet? Who was the most interesting man you saw?"

"The most interesting and most distinguished man there by all odds was Admiral Schley."

"Did you meet him?"

"Oh, yes. He is a much younger-looking man than his pictures make him. They told me at the club that all during the Inquiry the Admiral never showed up at the club and had only within a few days begun to appear there. The other night, when I saw him, was the very night that the report of the Court had been made public; it was also the same night that the verdict in the big murder trial was given out. The two verdicts were being cried on the streets when the Admiral came into the club."

"How did he bear himself?" I asked eagerly.

"The moment he came in there was an involuntary hush, for the verdict was upon every tongue, of course, and no one was able to get over the surprise it had caused; then his friends crowded around him with outstretched hands. The Admiral shook hands all around and said with a smile:

"'Well, boys, the woman and I have each got a verdict. She goes free. While I——' and he did not finish his sentence. For a few minutes there was a perfect babel of voices, then a friend said:

Editor's Note—These papers by the author of "The Diary of a Congressman's Wife" will appear fortnightly.

"'It certainly is not a case of leaving a kiss in the cup, Admiral'.

He shook his head, and then another man said earnestly

"'This surely will not be the end? You will go further?'

"He did not reply, and then one of the wits of the club, who always has a quip and a jest, said

'Well, Admiral, every one of us had hoped that you had reached the end, but it looks as though you might have to be off again. Your case, with its turns and surprises, reminds me of an Irishman named Finnigin who had charge of a locomotive that was always running off the track, or running away, or blowing up a boiler, and Finnigin was always in hot water over this engine and was always telegraphing to headquarters about it, until finally his chief said to him

"'"See here, Finnigin; we all of us know that you've got a serious job in that engine of yours, but for Heaven's sake don't keep telegraphing us every time she blows off steam. If anything unusual happens hereafter you can, of course, send a message, but it must be short and to the point."

"'Well, one day the engine kicked up at a great rate. It smashed up the roundhouse, spilled Finnigin out on the track after spouting hot water all over him, and then it went flying up the road some four or five miles. Finnigin picked himself up and went to the telegraph office, and remembering his admonition to be brief sent his chief this message

"'"Off again, on again, gone again, Finnigin."

"'And it seems to me, Admiral, it is so with your case. It is off again, on again and gone again.'"

"How did the Admiral take it?" asked I

"Oh, he laughed over it. It effectually dissipated any little strain in the situation."

Whom else did you see and meet?"

"I never met so many Admirals and Generals and foreign chaps with titles in my life. I don't believe there are any plain 'Misters' in the club, nor for that matter in Washington. I met the new President of the club, John A. Kasson, a remarkable man who has filled many high positions. He had just succeeded George Dewey as head of the club. Dewey found that he could not give the requisite time to the position, so Kasson took it. The membership of the club includes the President and Vice-President and all the chief Ambassadors and Ministers from foreign lands. I went all over the club and was told about the parrots' cage."

"Parrots' cage? What is that?"

"Oh, that's an upstairs card-room where all the real young set play cards, and they chatter so and in so many different tongues that that particular room has been nicknamed the parrots' cage, and these young chaps take it all in good part. They were poking a good deal of fun at one of these youngsters because he called for some 'old Vah ham,' as he pronounced it, which he had seen down on the bill-of-fare as 'old Va ham' without knowing that it stood for 'Old Virginia.'"

"What an absurd yarn," laughed I. Then I asked "Does a President ever go to the club, I wonder?"

"Rarely, though I understand that Arthur used to go there sometimes, for he was essentially 'one of the boys,' and I am told was the most popular man in all Washington, barring none, during his Administration. I believe that no President has been in the club since his day. Congress is well represented. Hale, Hanna, McComas, Elkins, Newlands and Henderson are all members, and of course Depew and Senator P—— belong. It seemed to me an odd thing, however, that General Miles' name is not on the list. He is the only General Commanding who has not become a member. Sherman, Sheridan and Schofield were all prominent there."

"Well, I'm glad you went through all right. I hope now that, like the man who ran to catch the street car till he was out of breath, I can sit down and rest."

"Amen to that!" said Robert

It is clear to me that any success is a case of fortune's finding the pot, but one's own industry alone making it boil, and therefore second to Robert's election to the club was my satisfaction at being bidden to the White House. I had, of course, left my cards upon Mrs. Roosevelt, as all the rest of the town had done, and in response I had been politely bidden there with some two hundred others at a certain time, which had proved a very charming occasion, though it was all too short and too formal, and I was hoping to strengthen the position of affairs

Suddenly I remembered Lady X——, whom I had met at Newport last summer. Lady X—— is a distinguished English woman of rank, traveling in America making a study of our educational and industrial conditions. I decided to invite Lady X—— to visit me. She is a delightful woman, even if she is given over to "ologies" and "isms." She would be a valuable card. Washington loves nothing so much as to have a chance to lionize a person with a title, and I determined that they should have this opportunity, for Lady X—— would be a genuine lioness

When I was assured that Lady X—— would come I arranged various things for her, and I dispatched a note to the White House asking if I might present this distinguished English woman of rank. I was courteously asked to bring her to a Saturday afternoon reception, to come behind the line of the receiving party, and to remain for tea in the upper corridor when the reception should be over

These public receptions on Saturday afternoons are a revival of an old custom at the White House, and keen is the memory of the "old residents" of similar receptions in Mrs. Grant's and Mrs. Hayes' time. Of course these afternoons are only for women, and any woman may go, from the highest to the lowest, but every formality of an invited reception is observed—the decorations, the receiving party, the army officers in full uniform, and the Marine Band.

Well, Lady X—— and I drove thither, and Lady X—— was full of the notion of seeing how we do things over here, and I was full of the notion of observing how she took things. We had scarcely got inside the big vestibule when she nonplused me by asking for the "Register."

"Register?" echoed I, only able to think of a heater in the floor. 'Are you cold?' I asked concernedly

"Oh, no, but I must put me name down"—for Lady X—— never said "my"; it was always "me." She went on

"When we go to Court over in England we always put our names down in a book"

'Oh!" I said, much relieved, and I turned and asked one of the men on duty if they had such a thing as a register. I had never heard of one, but I had a shrewd idea that there was one somewhere about. Sure enough, from some mysterious spot he produced a finely bound volume in which Lady X—— wrote her name. I looked at the page of the book and noted a long list of names of diplomats, and I was truly thankful that we had a register, for I knew that the opinion of Lady X—— had gone up ten per cent. after she had put down her name on the same page with The Right Honorable Lord Pauncefote, of Preston, G. C. B., G. C. M. G

We were presented and Mrs. Roosevelt said a few gracious words to Lady X——, and Lady X—— made a slight bend of the knees, for she could not divest herself of the idea of royalty

When we went behind the line we found ourselves among a delightful group of women, young and old. The daughter of the White House attracted me particularly, for she is so like her father that it is quite startling, not alone in feature and expression, but in gesture and bearing, and, though girlishly feminine, I could think of nothing but a young Theodore Roosevelt—in skirts.

But I did not have much time to gaze upon those about me, for Lady X—— suddenly seemed to become as though petrified at my side. She was gazing straight ahead over the tops of the sofas that were backed up to divide the line. In a moment she left my side. Out she went into the stream of people that were filing past. I followed. When we got out into the East Room she caught up with a woman in the crowd. I heard her say in a suppressed voice

"Judson, what are you doing here?"

The woman thus addressed turned, and I recognized her, and the situation

"Why, me lady, Mrs. Slocum's maid told me that all the maids and cooks come to the White House, and ——'

"Go home this instant!" commanded Lady X——

"Yes, me lady," meekly said the woman

Lady X—— said to me

"I never was so mortified in all me life. I shall apologize to Mrs. Roosevelt for such an affront as me maid daring to come here."

I was so amused that I had to laugh before I explained:

"Why, Lady X——, these are public receptions, open to everybody. I dare say half these women here to-day are wage-earners. This kind of thing is the bone and sinew and strength of our country and of our institutions. These are the very conditions you have come over here to study."

She looked at me in utter amaze, and finally said in staccato tones

"And do you mean to tell me that this greatest lady of your land, together with all this gracious gathering of ladies, including yourself, stand here for hours for no other purpose than to receive your own maids and chefs?"

This was rather a staggering way of putting it, but I was bound to defend it even though I winced under it.

"It does look a little strange to you, I admit; but, Lady X——, this is our democracy pure and simple, and you must remember that the one true love which democracy nurses is that of equality, and always will be."

"It is the most astounding condition that has ever come to me notice," she said; then she broke out with great emphasis "I begin to believe that Byron was right when he said that the first democrat the world ever had was Satan!"

And from this opinion Lady X—— was not to be won.

Curiosities of Congress

By René Bache

THE theory that great men are usually born in the cold half of the year, from October to March inclusive, gains a point through the fact that President Roosevelt first saw the light in October. Nineteen Presidents of the United States came into the world in these months, while only six were born between April 1 and September 30.

Following is the record:

January—McKinley, Fillmore.
February—Washington, W. H. Harrison, Lincoln.
March—Madison, Jackson, Tyler, Cleveland.
April—Jefferson, Monroe, Buchanan, Grant.
May—None.
June—None.
July—J. Q. Adams
August—Benjamin Harrison.
September—None
October—John Adams, Hayes, Arthur, Roosevelt.
November—Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Garfield.
December—Van Buren, Johnson

It will be observed that only two Presidents were born in the five months from May to September inclusive. February, on the other hand, which is said to have produced many of the world's greatest men, gave us Washington and Lincoln.

An inspection of the birthday record of the new Congress affords some interesting data in this connection. In the brief autobiographies published in the Congressional Directory, which are furnished by the legislators themselves, fifty-five Representatives and Senators refrain from mentioning the month in which they were born. This is only a small proportion of the whole, however, and, taking the statements of the others, it appears that the greatest number of members of the Lower House first saw daylight in March—thirty-seven in all, including the Speaker. The smallest number, seventeen, made their début in April.

It does not seem to be the case, however, that winter enjoyed any marked superiority in the way of opportunities for giving birth to the members of the present Congress, inasmuch as, out of the whole number reporting on the subject, 198 came into the world between October 1 and March 31, and 191 between April 1 and September 30—a difference of only seven in favor of the cold part of the year

From this fact the conclusion must be drawn that either the winter birthday theory is incorrect, or else that the members of the new Congress, generally speaking, are not really and truly great men. One naturally accepts the former alternative rather than a belief so painful as the latter would be

A study of the autobiographies above referred to yields much information of curious interest. Forty-two members (including Senators and Representatives) were brought up on the farm. One Representative—James C. Needham, of Modesto, California—was "born at Carson City, Nevada, in an emigrant wagon, his parents being en route across the plains to California."

One member, Julius Kahn, of San Francisco, was for ten years an actor, and "played with Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Salvini, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, and other well known stars." John J. Gardner, of New Jersey, was "reared a waterman," and George C. Perkins, of California, having gone to sea at twelve years of age, "was cabin boy and sailor for a number of years."

Hon. John J. Kasson, of the Reciprocity Commission

Admiral and Mrs. Dewey

The Metropolitan Club House, Washington, D. C.

Senator Cullom

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶The only secrets which a woman never tells are those she never knows.

¶Virginia was the mother of Presidents; Ohio the stepmother; and Iowa is now sitting on the step.

¶South Carolina's exhibition in Charleston is far more praised than is South Carolina's exhibition in the United States Senate.

¶It looks very much as though all the happiness the professional politicians will get out of the White House this year will be the soothing sentences of the Thanksgiving proclamation.

¶M. De Windt, the explorer, who is on his way by the overland route from Paris to New York, ought to be able on the way to find a nice frozen Salt River on which Tammany might enjoy smooth skating far from the madding crowd.

¶Over in Ontario they have just incorporated a $30,000,000 concern and are exhibiting the infant with a good deal of pride, this being the most heavily capitalized company ever organized in the Province. But it is only a pigmy by the side of our lusty Billion Dollar one-year-old.

¶In the first few days of the present Congress eight thousand bills were introduced. The total for the session will probably reach twenty thousand. Few of them will ever be heard from again. The matter represents a double loss to Uncle Sam. First, it costs hundreds of thousands of dollars to print them. Second, if they did not get into Congress they might be going the rounds as manuscripts, thus adding to the postal revenues. Here is a chance for reform.

¶We of the United States last year exported the largest amount of wheat ever sent abroad—over five million bushels a week. We mined the largest amount of gold—over $83,000,000 worth. We manufactured the most goods—their value reaching nearly $1,500,000,000. And we sent to other countries products of all kinds that reached the same figures—one-third being manufactured articles. We reached the billion-dollar record in steel and railway consolidations. We propelled steam locomotives with crude oil and sent electrical messages without wires. On the one hand our trust development discouraged railroad wrecking and enabled banks to pay unprecedented dividends; on the other hand it cost the people $60,000,000 more for coal, and made credulous investors lose more than a hundred million dollars in copper and asphalt and other stocks, mixed with politics and skyrocketing methods. It was truly a great year.

Climates Made to Order

THIS is certainly an extremely imperfect planet from the human point of view. There are all sorts of rough edges about it to be smoothed off by the art of the engineer Wherever there is a neck of land, it is manifestly in the wrong place and man wants to cut it off; where there is no neck of land, he wants to make one.

The latest and most ambitious scheme of this kind is projected by some Canadian enthusiasts who want to make a dam, ten miles long and two hundred feet high, across the Straits of Belle Isle. Their idea is that, by cutting off the Arctic current that now sweeps through those straits and fills the Gulf of St. Lawrence with icebergs, they will secure a climate like that of France, which lies in the same latitude.

This plan, ambitious as it is, is hardly great enough. It might have some perceptible local effects, but they could not go very far. Even if the little side current that goes through the straits were cut off, the huge Arctic stream that flows along the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland and then turns southwestward, hugging the shore as far as Hatteras, would still be undisturbed, and that would settle the main climatic conditions of the northeastern part of the continent. The promoter who wants to create a real revolution will look for some way to keep the Gulf Stream from shooting off across the Atlantic from Cape Hatteras. If he can make that stream crowd the Arctic current away from the coasts of the Middle States, New England and Canada, he will accomplish something really worth while

But even that arrangement might have its disadvantages. The summers of Washington, Philadelphia and New York are already hot enough for comfort. How would they be if our shores were bathed by the tepid waters of the Gulf Stream instead of the cool current from the North? Nature has arranged things better on the Western coast. There the warm Japan Stream strikes the extremity of Alaska and sweeps along down the coast, moderating the Northern climates as far as Southern Oregon. There its influence gradually disappears, and from Central California downward its place is taken by a cold current from the Arctic. Thus the Northern coast is warmed and the Southern coast is cooled, and so the whole Pacific slope has an equable climate.

Changing ocean currents is a large undertaking. The Gulf Stream, where it is narrowest and most manageable, is fifty miles wide and at least a thousand feet deep. Compared with controlling such things as these, the building of a hundred Nicaragua Canals would be the kindergarten exercise of a baby. Still, we may come to it some day. When there is no other outlet for human energies we may undertake to remodel the climates of the globe, and the ocean currents will be among the best instruments for the work. We may tackle the air currents, too, with screens a thousand feet high.

But before we embark upon any of these enterprises it may be well to satisfy ourselves that Nature has not already managed things as well as they can be arranged

The pessimist calls attention to the fact that the man whose credit is the best really needs no credit at all. He can pay cash.

For a Greater Tolerance

THOUGH we affect a little wonder at the Englishman's dudgeon when he finds that the Germans and Frenchmen and Americans will not run their hotels on the London plan, and when he cannot get British ale in Dahomey and British beef in Rio Janeiro, there is in the American a token of the same Anglo-Saxon fixity, or, as some might say, narrowness, and it is not always to be overcome by experience. Every civilized nation believes in its own ways: they result from centuries of usage that have proved them best adapted to the people who follow them. Yet the American returns from his European trip even more contemptuous than is the Briton in regard to the backwardness of the Continent. He finds the hotels deficient in elevators. He does not allow for the fact that though our own hotels are often ten or more stories high, the average on the Continent will not exceed four, and that the guest is saved from the creaking and slamming incident to the service of what the Englishman calls a "lift." The American mourns because there are no Detroit stoves in Italian palaces, which could be warmed by nothing less than a conflagration, because they were built, not for comfort, but grandeur. He complains because he cannot have boiled corn and pumpkin pie, never once thinking that the Frenchman in our land has as deep a sorrow in the absence of frogs' legs, pâté de foie gras, artichokes, snails and other such, and that the Frenchman's hair lifts with horror as he reads the prices charged for French wines in American hotels. The Yankee finds European papers slow, but the European thinks ours coarse, noisy and uncertain. To an American the European schools appear few and ineffective, but he fails to realize the scholarship attained by Old-World students. In brief, the American measures the world by his own land, and is easily tolerant or contemptuously intolerant of what is not American.

So long as the Yankee is but a visitor in other lands his attitude makes little difference in their customs. Few hotels change their form or rates or policy on his account; his patronage does not affect the theatres, the shops, or anything that is not his; Kings stand as stiffly on their pedestals before him as if there were no Republics; and at state dinners the American who is lucky enough to be invited is apt to bring up the rear of a procession of titled nobodies

It is not, however, as a guest that the American has now to consider himself. He has suddenly, and to his own astonishment, become an owner of colonies. To these, then, he goes as a master. And his first thought is of the need of making all these people become like himself—these brown and yellow folk, eating strange meats and speaking strange tongues. Vain, indeed, is that idea. The Porto Rican, the Hawaiian, the Filipino will not be made American in thought and character by law any more than in color. The fact is that, for the first time in his life, the Yankee must unbend. He has followed his principles and adhered to his right in obliging those who immigrate to this country to Americanize themselves, and accept his law and ask his protection. But in the colonies he has extended his influence over people who differ from him in blood and faith—and to overthrow the effect of their customs and traditions, to break rudely upon their hallowed observances, to assume on the part of the naked savage a capacity for civilization that is expressed in at least two generations of refined living, to require that the native shall desist from his usual diet and encourage Chicago industries with plentiful orderings of pork and beef, are, as Artemus Ward expressed it, "a mutch."

Our duty, as we conceive it, is to civilize such of our dependents as are not civilized. It is a duty, not merely to ourselves but to them, to make life safe and justice sure in all the colonies. We have much to do in building schools, in making roads and docks and bridges, in developing native industries and natural resources, in bringing the people to a higher degree of intelligence, industry, thrift and self-reliance. But in the doing of this it is not incumbent on us to ride roughshod over all that they regard as best in social and family life and religious practice, and we must even look with a lenient eye on what will appear to us as faults and weaknesses. We must, in brief, try to realize that the brown man, living under a tropic sun, is not, even in his capacity, an Anglo-Saxon.

The desire to get something for nothing makes men pay something for nothing.

The Right Sort of Voters

WE SEE in our experiences with our new island possessions the absolute necessity of restrictions upon the suffrage, so that the interests of the Government may be kept in the hands of capable men. When the Government drew up the regulations for the first elections in Cuba and Porto Rico, it made strict qualifications in regard to education and property ownership, and widened the electoral privilege only so far as to include citizens who had served in the armies.

The Commission that went to Hawaii saw the condition of things there and recommended that Congress limit the suffrage, by a property qualification, to the intelligent whites and the respectable natives. Congress, however, was influenced by the conditions that prevail in our own States and made the law much broader. What might have been expected soon happened. The eleven thousand unintelligent voters overwhelmed the three thousand intelligent people, and then followed the troubles which have since kept the islands in more or less of a ferment.

In Massachusetts the suffrage is restricted by intelligence, thus keeping the Government within responsible bounds. Massachusetts has its politics, but the administration of its affairs both in State and city is far above the average in cleanliness and competency.

Many of the States have recently held or are holding conventions to frame new constitutions, and in every instance we find recognition of the importance of making the vote intelligent by keeping it in the hands of intelligent citizens The South has the greater problem to handle because of the prevailing ignorance among the colored people Outside of the admitted purpose to disfranchise the negroes as far as it can be done by legislative expedients is the real fact that the white people have both the intelligence and the property. The injustice of the new provisions in the South is that they do not discriminate in favor of those negroes who hold property or who have acquired enough education to entitle them to the ballot

If President Grant's recommendation to Congress, nearly thirty years ago, had been followed there would be few illiterates at the polls to-day, for he declared in favor of an educational qualification after the year 1890. Other Presidents have shared the same view, and there is no doubt that the great majority of Americans cordially favor it. The matter is brought to every voter when he finds his ballot of no more account than that of the most ignorant person or of the most worthless vagabond who sells his vote for a few dollars.

With the increase of educational facilities and the vast expenditure of millions to save the generations from ignorance, the Government and the States have done and are doing their duty nobly, and it is right to expect that all this provision should have its effect in a better and worthier citizenship.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Why the Clergyman was Popular

The Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie, of San Francisco, who is reported to have accepted a call to the Rutgers Presbyterian Church, of New York City, has long been recognized as one of the leading pulpit orators of the Pacific Coast. He has been a great traveler and student, and is decidedly cosmopolitan in his tastes. In fact, his diplomatic adaptability has made him as popular socially in San Francisco as in theological circles.

He delights in observing the "eternal fitness" of things, and believes that a clergyman should usually maintain a polite reticence about matters sacerdotal when in secular gatherings

In the San Francisco University Club, of which he is a member, he is credited with having related a characteristic story of himself.

It was at Monterey, the Newport of California, that the incident occurred. Doctor Mackenzie likes to take long walks, and a chosen companion in his rambles through pine forests and along the seashore was a little girl of his acquaintance

The daily outings were a delight both to the scholarly clergyman and the child, and it did not occur to him to burden her by drawing morals in regard to what they saw and heard. The parents of the girl discovered that the little one looked forward each morning with unconstrained joy to the excursion

"Why do you like so much to go on these walks?" the mother asked one day

"Because Doctor Mackenzie goes with me," the child replied

"But why do you enjoy his company?" persisted the mother curiously

"Oh," the little girl explained, "I like to go with him because he has no morals."

Good Stories of Secretary Shaw

Governor Leslie M. Shaw

GOVERNOR LESLIE M. SHAW, of Iowa, recently chosen by President Roosevelt to be Secretary of the Treasury, issued two Thanksgiving proclamations last year—one for the State and one for a little nine-year old girl living in the northwestern part of Iowa, in a country town

The Governor was busily engaged one morning, a few days after Thanksgiving Day, assorting and answering his mail and arranging the concluding matters of his four years of administration, when he opened and read the following letter:

Gov. L. M. SHAW, Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Governor: Please can we have another Thanksgiving Day and have it next Thursday? I was sick and could not eat any turkey or any good things. I am't very big, but I like turkey. Please let us have it

Your friend, MARY ——.

Governor Shaw read the letter over twice, and then, calling a messenger, said:

"Billy, go down town and buy the biggest and fattest turkey you can get and express it, together with a lot of cranberries and celery and all sorts of Thanksgiving goodies, to this address."

And then the Governor dictated to his stenographer his second Thanksgiving proclamation for 1901, as follows

> Having been informed that Mary ——, of ——, Iowa, was ill on the twenty-eighth day of November, 1901, and was thus prevented from joining in the festivities incident to Thanksgiving Day, I therefore recommend that at a convenient hour on Monday, December 9, 1901, Mr. and Mrs. ——, together with their family and such young friends as Mary may choose to invite, assemble in the family dining-room, and there with hearts full of thankfulness for country, for home, and for the blessed influence of children, partake of such bounties as are usually served in Christian America on the day appointed for National Thanksgiving, and that especial attention be given that Mary shall be bountifully supplied with such portions of the National bird, and with such other delicacies, as are most congenial to her
>
> (Signed) L. M. SHAW, Governor of Iowa, this sixth day of December, 1901.

Friends of the newly appointed Secretary say that he has many Lincoln-like qualities, not the least of which is his ability to weave homespun illustrations and metaphors into his public addresses

Mr. George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint, who, at the time of Mr. Shaw's emergence into prominence, years ago, was a newspaper editor in Iowa, delights to recall these speeches, which, as is generally conceded, had much to do with effecting the general triumph of the "sound money" movement

"By the time Shaw had made twenty addresses his fame had spread throughout Iowa," said Mr. Roberts. "His long experience as a jury lawyer had given him an insight into all classes of society. He knew the habits of the farmers for he had lived their life and had traded with them; paying his way through college, in fact, by selling them fruit trees. As a banker he had studied their needs. And when he rose out of private life to address his fellow-citizens he talked as one of them. Though intensely in earnest, his humor and his ingenious similes drawn from every-day affairs illumined his arguments and gave them a carrying power that drove them home. Some of his offhand sayings became party cries in our State

"It is not at all exaggerating to say that one of the most potent, if not the most potent, factors in arresting the silver movement in the West was these homely illustrations, which Mr. Shaw used with simple but compelling eloquence. He well knew what he was talking about, too, for it was about twenty years ago that he wrought the financial salvation of Iowa

"At that time the farmers of the State were struggling They lacked money for the proper equipment of their farms. They needed barns and horses and implements, but they could not borrow money in Iowa except at excessive rates of interest. Mr. Shaw had faith in the country and he journeyed to his old home in Burlington, Vermont, and interested a prominent banker there, inducing that capitalist to accompany him to Iowa

"Arrived there, Mr. Shaw drove the banker from farm to farm, interviewing the owners and pointing out the possibilities of the country. The result was that the man of finance loaned hundreds of thousands of dollars to the farmers.

"Most of these debts," continued Mr. Roberts, "had been repaid and the farms were beginning to blossom with prosperity when the silver leaders started their propaganda. It was a movement that Mr. Shaw felt it his duty to oppose

"He toured the State, making speeches against free silver He did not oppress his hearers with conventional statistics, but if, for example, he wished to convey an idea of the great volume of silver the Government actually buys, he would give the dimensions of a corn-crib which would be required to hold it.

"The one saying of his that most effectively checked the efforts of the silver leaders occurred in a speech in which he had been dwelling upon Iowa's growth into prosperity, and on how, in his opinion, that prosperity would be ruined by a disturbance of the monetary standard

"'You have plowed and planted,' he said to the farmers, 'and you are about to see your years of effort crowned with abundant success. And now, as you are about to reap your harvest, I plead with you as good and patriotic citizens, and as sensible farmers, not to drop a monkey-wrench into the threshing machine!'

"The effect of this," added Mr Roberts, "was instantaneous. Every wheat grower in his audience had experienced the exasperating delay and expense caused by a wrench or hammer or other implement falling into the grain separator, and the expression, 'Don't drop a monkey-wrench into the threshing-machine,' became a shibboleth of the campaign throughout Iowa

"And when the next year the people came to choose a Governor, Shaw was the man selected, although he had never before held office of any character."

Didn't Know the Declaration

"In his recent address before the Chesterfield Liberal Association," said a prominent Englishman in Washington, "Lord Rosebery made some telling points against the present Government in England and was particularly witty in comparing the shrewdness of the Boers with that of the British. Though standing firmly for the prosecution of the Transvaal War, he believes that the English Government should not be deaf to overtures of peace, even though they come from the discredited Kruger Government now in exile in Europe. England, Rosebery contended, cannot negotiate with the scattered leaders in the South African field, inasmuch as these wandering commanders have no authority, and for the further reason that the British army is unable to locate them, either for war or for peace.

"Lord Rosebery argued that if an intelligent opportunity were given the Boers they would sue for peace. 'The Boers,' said he, 'are a very shrewd people and have occasionally proved themselves not less shrewd than His Majesty's Government, and I venture to say that there is not a sane Boer who does not know that his country's independence is gone forever!'

"I have heard Lord Rosebery relate a story," continued the British resident of Washington, "which is deliciously illustrative of the fact that all the ignorance is not with our enemy in the Transvaal. Perhaps he deemed it too pointed for a public address. At all events, the brilliant British statesman reserves it for the amusement of clubdom.

"It relates to an incident that took place at the time of the Jameson Raid. You remember that the Johannesburg Reformers smuggled great quantities of the munitions of war into that city, and that, because the Boers affected not to know of their clandestine preparations, the insurgents concluded that they were about to overthrow the Boer Government and usher in a new Republic reconstructed along modern lines.

"Many men wanted to be the leaders under the proposed régime. In fact, they quarreled over the offices which were to be bestowed by a Government that existed only in sanguine preambles

"Among the leaders were some editors and writers, and one of these conceived the laudable ambition of becoming the Thomas Jefferson of South Africa. He determined to draft a liberty document that should take rank with the great charters of England, America and France. He had access to a copy of the covenant exacted by the old barons from King John, but what he wanted most as a model was a copy of the Declaration of Independence, for he dreamed of living in history in the company of Jefferson

"He could not find, in the few libraries of Johannesburg, anything more than mere references to the Declaration of Independence, and the Americans whom he interviewed could not, unfortunately, recite more of it than the first paragraph or two. So he started out to canvass the bookstores.

"The first one he visited was kept by an Englishman. 'Have you among your books,' said the embryo statesman, 'a copy of the Declaration of Independence?'

"'No,' replied the British bookseller, 'we have not, but we have a very alert agent in London who keeps us supplied with all the latest works, and if the Declaration of Independence is having any sale in England it will undoubtedly be included in the next consignment of new books he sends us.'"

An Unregenerate Prairie Team

Hon. James Hamilton Lewis

FORMER Congressman James Hamilton Lewis, of Seattle, who is being mentioned as one of the next United States Senators from the State of Washington, has many friends in the National Capital who take pleasure in recalling his picturesque career in the House and in reciting some of the stories with which he used to entertain statesmen nightly in the lobby of the Riggs House.

One of these anecdotes relates to the first breaking of sod in the fertile Palouse country in eastern Washington. The first breaking up of the prairie is a difficult undertaking. The virgin soil is meshed with a sturdy grass that has a multitude of roots, and to force a small plow through it requires the combined efforts of five or six horses.

A pioneer and his son were thus engaged when a revivalist came that way. His earnest message appealed to the elder frontiersman and he finally found his way as a penitent to the altar. With unaccustomed joy in his heart he went forth the next morning to plow the stubborn glebe, and instead of addressing his animals with his usual shivering profanity he called out simply, "Get up."

To his vast astonishment, the horses, which hitherto had never failed him, refused utterly to budge. He jerked at the reins, hurled clods at them and even belabored them with a long whip, but without avail.

"John," he sang out to his son, "something's the matter with my team. They've balked!"

John walked over to his father's plow, ripped out some staggering epithets from an unregenerate vocabulary, and away the team started with vigorous good-will.

That night the exhortations of the revivalist were exceptionally fervent and even the frontiersman's impenitent son was visibly affected. Once he started up as if resolved to seek the mourners' bench, and at this the old man, who had been watching him anxiously, asked him to step outside for a moment

"John," said the father, when they were out of the building, "I honor you for your evident desire this night to lead a Christian life—it's the right thing, John—but don't you think you had better postpone your conversion until we get that field plowed?"

On the Hobo Limited

One of the newest and best-equipped cities in the United States is Spokane, now boasting fifty thousand inhabitants. Twenty years ago it began its existence, and one of its founders, Colonel J. Kennedy Stout, who drafted its charter and served as its first city attorney, is still a young man, and is now private secretary to United States Senator George Turner, from the State of Washington

"Few people realize," said Colonel Stout, "what strides the West has made. It is not many years since the only railroad in our State was a miserable little line with wooden rails, running from Walla Walla to Wallula, a distance of thirty miles. Doctor Baker, an eccentric millionaire, built it. He advertised both fast and slow freight schedules. There was but one train of cars in the entire system. 'Fast freight' was loaded on the front cars, and 'slow freight' on the rear ones

"'Boiled shirts' had not yet invaded the land to any extent, and this primitive railway magnate was particularly indifferent as to dress. A jumper, overalls, brogans and an old slouch hat usually constituted his costume. Most of his cars were flat cars. The road did a big business, and its earnings, together with the President's investments in real estate and mines, increased his millions

"One day while, roughly dressed as usual, he was riding on one of his flat cars and munching a sandwich, he attracted the attention of a hobo who, crouched behind some sacks of wheat, was stealing a ride.

"'Sit down, sit down!' shouted the tramp to the millionaire railway president. 'Sit down, or the conductor'll see you and put us both off!'"

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

A Book by Miss Wilkins

Miss Mary E. Wilkins

I began to read Mary Wilkins' novel, The Portion of Labor (*Harper & Brothers*), hoping from its unusual beginning for another of the clear-cut, decisive stories which we have learned to expect from her prolific pen. I laid the book down wondering what views she had held when she wrote it. I should like to talk with her about it. I should like to say: "Miss Wilkins, do you like your heroine, Ellen Brewster? Do you think she accomplished anything, or will there be a sequel telling what she really did after she married Robert Lloyd? I can imagine just how she, after becoming one of the gentry, would argue every night at dinner in her soft stubbornness, from her narrow labor view, against her husband's principles, while all the time accepting the luxuries his capital ideas purchased. Why did you draw so charming a sketch of boy and girl love only to throw over the reader at last and let her marry Robert?"

The book has left me floundering. To my mind it would appear as if Miss Wilkins herself had mercilessly blue-pencilled her own free-born creations in order to fit anarchy into a Fifth Avenue setting. Mrs. Lloyd, one of the most unimportant characters in the book, is to me the most lovable. Cynthia Lennox started off bravely by being almost a villain, and a most captivating villain, but she tailed off into a selfish woman, with outward graces, but full of unexpected hardnesses which repelled me just when I was about to relent and like her.

As to the heroine, Ellen Brewster, when I discovered that if I were to live up to the exigencies of the occasion I must love this obviously and inevitably lovable young person, I gave myself up to the task of trying to love her with all the fervor at my disposal But my love recoiled upon me. I found her gentle mulishness so irritating that midway in the story I gave it up and just let her succulent New England firmness rasp me. Her unblushing effrontery in trying to get another situation in Rowe after inciting the senseless and inhuman strike which caused thousands of innocent dependents to suffer, while she was comparatively sheltered from all ills, was so appalling to me that I was delighted when she got refusal after refusal.

Mrs. Zelotes Brewster, always holding her dress up in front and letting it trail in the back, is one of the few consistent characters in the book. She convinces. So does Fanny So does poor patient Andrew. The others in the book leave me agape. Are they, or are they not? Where do they begin? Where do they end? It is like catching a glimpse of a procession in the middle of it. I hear the music and the tramping feet, but whither do they march? Who is reviewing them?

Now everybody knows that a woman of Mary Wilkins' decisive character knows what she believes. Everybody knows that she could have written a ripping novel on labor had she chosen. Why didn't she?

Mrs. Humphry Ward would have turned Robert Lloyd into a Socialist, and Robert and Ellen would have ceased to wobble and would have stood on firm ground waving their hands at the reader as the book closed, with the light of a steadfast purpose in their eyes.

—*Lilian Bell.*

Emerson and the Woodpeckair

A young writer, when introduced recently to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, said simply: "Mrs. Howe, I am honored in making your acquaintance."

The aged author looked at him intently for a moment and then, reaching out both hands, declared that she in turn was delighted, for he was the first stranger she had met in many years who had not complimented her on having written The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

"I have received so much praise for that effort," she explained, "that it is refreshing to meet some one who omits to mention it."

"Since I have pleased you," he replied, "perhaps you will reward me with a story."

"I will," consented the gifted poet; "I'll tell you something about Emerson. The philosopher related it to me himself. The incident took place in his youth. He had spent a vacation from college in the Penobscot woods. He returned to Boston, his soul aflame with the beauty of the forest, and he sought a newspaper office and asked the editor if he might write something about the woods and the rivers of that Maine country

"'Write what you please, young man,' was the editor's reply, 'but whether we shall print it or not is another question.'

"That dampened the young poet's ardor The thoughts that had inspired him seemed to vanish as he attempted to put them on paper. Page after page of unsatisfactory fragments he tore to bits, and, finally deciding that he could not accomplish anything in prose, he turned to rhyme.

"Here, also, he was doomed to defeat, and after a day of anguish one couplet was all that he had to show for his painful efforts

"'Where stalks the moose and prowls the surly bear,
And up the tall trees climbs the woodpeckair.'

"Emerson fled from that office in despair, inwardly vowing that he would never return, and he never did.

"With curious persistency, however, he embodied those two lines in one of his serious poems in after years, but in the published editions there is no fantastic spelling of the bird's name, 'woodpecker' being made blandly to rhyme with 'bear.'"

Canadian Highlanders

Ralph Connor (Rev. Charles W. Gordon)

In his third book, The Man from Glengarry (*Fleming H. Revell Company*), Ralph Connor makes a distinct advance in literary grasp, but without yet making it manifest that he will overcome his faults of crudity and take rank among literary artists. The book has more breadth than The Sky Pilot, and more unity than Black Rock, and is evidently the result of more care in both planning and execution; it is occupied mostly with the Canadian Highlanders of Glengarry, whose forefathers emigrated because of the injustices attendant on the conversion of the tribal system of land tenure after 1745 into the baronial tenure favored by England. In portraying their quarrels with other classes of lumberers and among themselves, the story brings us into contact with elemental and even volcanic human nature, which the kirk labors to subdue through its discipline There are reminiscences of Ian Maclaren's Highlanders at Drumtochtie in some scenes, but there is something beyond him in the portrait of the minister's wife, and her comforting and refining influences. But when the young hero is transferred to the polite society of the Canadian cities there is a distinct falling off in the *vraisemblance* which reminds one of Mrs. Stowe's unhappy excursions into the fashionable life of New York. The author evidently is not at home in that *entourage*, and he blunders at every step Fashionable young ladies are not known in their social circles as "Mamie" or "Katie," for instance, nor do they talk with the frank exuberance of children.

No American will quarrel with the author's enthusiastic love for Canada, especially when it takes the direction of vivid descriptions of the scenery of the Dominion. But the closing chapters of the book have too much the air of "writing up" British Columbia. And the two "Yankees" of the story, though not unpleasantly presented, are yet caricatures of American speech and character somewhat after the style of Judge Haliburton's Sam Slick. Like both his earlier books, this latest novel has a religious purpose, and there is no lack of frankness in pressing this. The revival scenes are the part to which most exception may be taken, even with the tinge of Broad-Churchism in theology with which they are associated. But such excitements seem to have a natural place in rough and passionate peoples like the Gaels of Glengarry. —*Robert Ellis Thompson.*

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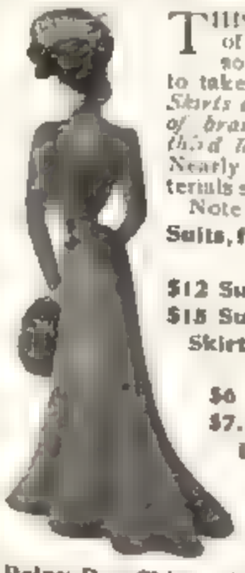

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Hope Ahead for the Horse

By René Bache

HORSES may well feel hopeful in view of the improvement in their prospects which has recently come about. The demand for them is steadily increasing, at improved prices, and the alarm felt lest they were destined to pass off the scene, summarily dismissed from the service of ungrateful man, is now removed. Recently the Department of Agriculture has been making a careful study of the subject, and some of the facts ascertained are extremely interesting.

One notable point emphasized by a forthcoming Government bulletin is that the horse is not suffering from the competition of the automobile—at all events, not materially. The bicycle has proved a somewhat formidable adversary, but has done much less harm to the noble animal than is commonly supposed. Meanwhile, the demand for good horses has greatly increased, and large numbers of them are beginning to be exported to foreign countries—an entirely new development of the trade.

Within the last ten years there has been a complete change in the character of the horse market in this country. A decade ago most of the horses bred for sale were of a miscellaneous description, whereas at the present time the demand is for animals of definite and strictly specified character, representing distinct classes, from the polo pony to the "draughter." There is no longer any money in raising mongrel horses; man's best servant and friend is becoming specialized to a surprising extent.

Striking Variations in Price

In the year 1880 there were in the United States somewhat over eleven million horses, of an average value each of $54.75. Ten years later there were over fourteen million, worth $68.84. In 1895 the number had risen to nearly sixteen million, but, owing to various causes presently to be described, the price had fallen to $36.29. Since then the price has gone up to $44.61 (the figures for 1900), and the total number of horses has run down to about thirteen and a half millions.

The great depression in the horse market began about 1890. Up to that time immense numbers of the animals had been in demand for pulling street cars, a fairly good beast being used for the purpose, but not one of definite type. This employment absorbed a large percentage of "general purpose" horses on the market. Then came the cable cars, and almost immediately afterward the sweeping substitution of electric cars for horse-drawn vehicles in nearly all the large cities, whereupon great blocks of every-day horses were offered for sale without a corresponding demand.

But the severest blow to the horse market, and the most effective cause of its breakdown, was the financial panic of 1893, the influence of which was felt most seriously in the horse-producing sections two years later. Horse breeders were scared almost out of their wits, and it was freely predicted that the horse-raising industry would never again figure as a factor in live-stock husbandry. Then, on the heels of panic, came the bicycle, which for a time brought about a further falling off in the use of horses.

The bad effect of the bicycle upon the horse market was only temporary, however, the use of the flying wheel being most widespread among persons who could afford neither to buy nor to keep a horse. If the machine has injuriously affected the animal in any way, it has been by the inroads which liverymen claim it has made in their business. As for the recently introduced automobile, it has not proved entirely satisfactory as a substitute for the horse and wagon in the business field.

In 1895, when the horse market was at its worst, a new factor in the problem made its appearance—namely, a rapidly growing foreign demand for American horses. The number of the animals exported in that year was 13,984. In 1896 it was over 25,000, in 1897 it reached nearly 40,000, and in 1898 it passed 51,000. Nearly 65,000 horses were shipped abroad in 1900, and in 1901 about 82,000 were exported. It is true that the shipments during the last two years have been largely augmented by the British demand in South Africa, which is necessarily temporary.

American breeders who understand their business are now producing horses of definite types and of superior quality in their several classes. Much encouragement has been given in this direction by the exacting nature of the foreign demand. Then, too, the art of horse breeding is better understood in this country than it was ten years ago, and the wonderful growth of business prosperity has brought an increased demand for superior beasts. The "draughter," the "coacher," the "cob," the "roadster" and the "saddler" are carefully bred to-day to meet different requirements.

Some that We Sell to England

The horse known in England as the "van horse" is largely purchased in the American market. It is a good "toppy" draughter of from 1600 to 1800 pounds, compact in body, and with short, strong legs. The "expresser," whose work is done almost exclusively on the trot, is one of the highest equine classes and much in demand. From England newly comes a call for the "omnibus horse," which is in a class by itself. And there is an increasing market for hunters and polo ponies.

Polo is distinctively a pastime of the rich, being the most expensive of outdoor amusements. Most players have four or five ponies constantly on hand, and some keep twenty or thirty in their stables. The growing popularity of the sport is opening up a market for small muscular horses of about fourteen hands and weighing not over 850 pounds, three essentials being agility, weight-carrying ability and speed. An ideal polo pony has "quarters like a cart-horse," and should have such control of himself as to be able to "turn on a dollar." The strain of the game on the endurance of the animal is severe; he must have courage, intelligence, quick sight and keen enjoyment of the sport. All ponies are not able to learn the game.

The most desirable feature in a hunter is jumping ability, though speed is of great importance. Not only must the animal be able to clear any reasonable obstacle that presents itself, but he must do it gracefully and willingly. The fences to be surmounted usually range from three to four feet in height. This class of horse is always in demand by persons of means who enjoy following the hounds—another form of amusement that is fast gaining popularity in the United States.

The breeding of thoroughbreds is rapidly assuming larger proportions. Most of the sales during the past year have averaged $1000, even for yearlings, and fabulous sums have been paid for mature breeding animals. For "troopers"—that is, cavalry horses—there is a considerable, though variable, demand; as a rule, they are chosen from various classes of light horses. The best ones find their way into the service of our own army, and the second grade goes mostly to England for the British army.

Among the conclusions drawn in the Government bulletin aforesaid is that the export trade can be relied upon in the future to absorb any surplus horses we may produce. Secondly, that the prospects of the American horse market are excellent. Thirdly, that for economy and ease of management, the horse and wagon is easily superior to the automobile as an auxiliary of business. Mechanical conveyances are coming to be regarded as permanent fixtures in our life, and they automatically adjust themselves to their proper places; but the "auto" and the bicycle, though they have their important uses, will never supplant to any serious extent the noble animal which has marched with man out of a past so ancient that "wherever there has been a footprint, a hoofprint will be seen by its side," even from the earliest dawn of human history.

When Frogs are Best

FROGS' legs are sold in Paris daintily threaded on little willow wands. People buy them for the home table, instead of, as is the practice in this country, eating them exclusively in restaurants. They make a most palatable broth for invalids and convalescents, but ordinarily the legs are prepared by removing the skin, rolling them in flour, adding salt, pepper and butter, with a pinch of parsley, and cooking them gently in a frying pan or on the griddle. By Parisians it is considered that the frog is best in the fall of the year, when it is fattest and most delicate. However, large numbers of the batrachians are caught in the spring, when they are said to be more easily captured.

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The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

(Continued from Page 11)

each telling point or period in Red Wolf's speech the women looked at each other in surprise.

"Did he say that?" asked Elsie. "Didn't you make it up?"

"Rather good for a ragamuffin, don't you think?" replied Lawson.

Many Coos spoke slowly, sadly, as though half-communing with himself, with nothing of the bombast the visitors had expected, and he grew in dignity and power as his thought began to make itself felt.

"He is speaking for his race," remarked Lawson to Elsie.

"By Jove, the old fellow is a good lawyer!" cried Parker. "I don't see any answer to his indictment."

Curtis sat listening intently as though each point the old man made were new, and this attitude pleased the chieftains very much.

The speech, in its general tenor, was similar to many others he had heard from thoughtful men. In brief, the speaker described the time when the red men were happy in the world of the deer and buffalo, before the white man appeared. "We lived as the Great Spirit made us. Then the white man came—the buffalo disppeared. The white man has bewildered us with his commands. Our eyes are blinded; we know not where to go. We know not whom to believe or trust. I am old; I am going to my grave troubled over the fate of my children. Agents come and go. The good ones go too soon—the bad ones stay too long—but they all go. There is no one in whose care to leave my children. It is better to die here in the hills than to live the slave of the white man, ragged and spiritless, slinking about like a dog without a friend."

As he spoke these final tragic words his voice grew deep and trembled, and Elsie felt some strong force griping at her throat and the tears filled her eyes. It was all well enough to say, "The way of civilization lies over the graves of the primitive races," but here, when one of these dying ones looked over and beyond her as though already seeing his grave, the saying of the phrase was difficult in any tone—impossible in the boasting shout of the white promoter. She rose suddenly and walked away, being ashamed of her tears. She did not see that Jennie was crying also.

The speakers who followed spoke in much the same way; all but Blue Fox, who insisted that the Government should help them live.

"You have put us here on barren land where we can only live by raising cattle. You should help us fence the Reservation and get us cattle to start with. Then by and by we can build good houses and have plenty to eat. This is right, for you destroyed our game, and you will not let us go to the mountains to hunt. You must do something besides furnish us plows in a land where the rain does not come."

In answer to all this, Curtis replied, using the sign language. He admitted that Red Wolf was right. "The red men have been cheated, but good days are coming. I am going to help you. I am going to stay with you till you are safely on the white man's road. We intend to buy out the settlers and take the water in the streams to raise potatoes for the Tetongs, and you will then be glad because your gardens will bear many things good to eat. Do not despair; the white people are coming to understand the situation at last. You have many friends who will help."

As Red Wolf rose and shook hands with the Agent in sign that the council was over, he was smiling again, and he said: "Your words are good. With you to guide us we shall not go wrong."

The old crier went forth calling in hollow tones: "Come to the dance-hall. The white people desire to see you dance. Come prepared, in your best garments."

Then the drum began to utter its spasmodic signal and the crier's voice sounded faint and far off, as he descended the path to the second group of teepees.

"Shall we go now?" asked Mrs. Parker.

"Oh, no; it will be an hour or more before they begin to dance. The young men must go and dress. We have time to sup and smoke a pipe."

As they sat at supper the drum, which had been sounding at intervals, suddenly took on wild energy, followed immediately by a high, shrill, yelping call which instantly called forth a half-dozen others, all as savage and startling as the sudden burst of howling from a pack of wolves. This clamor fell away soon into a deep, throbbing chant, only to rise again to the yelping, whimpering cries with which it began.

Every woman stiffened with sudden terror, with wide eyes questioning Curtis. "What is all that?"

"The opening chorus," he explained smilingly.

The dusk was beginning to fall, and the teepees with their small sparkling fires close beside, and the shadowy, blanketed forms assembling slowly, silently, gave a wonderful remoteness and wildness to the camp.

Seeing that his guests were eager to view it all, Curtis led the way toward the distant lodge. Elsie started to take her place beside him but checked herself and turned to Lawson, leaving Mrs. Parker to walk at the Captain's elbow.

To the ears of the city dwellers the uproar was growing fiendish—full of murder and sudden death. The frenzied booming of the drum, the wild, yelping howls, the shrill whooping, brought up in their minds all the stories of dreadful deeds they had ever read; and Parker said to Jennie:

"Do you really think the Captain will be able to control them?"

Jennie laughed. "Don't be alarmed at this clamor; it's only their way of singing. I've attended these dances all alone."

Elsie said: "They must be flourishing bloody scalping-knives in there; it is direful."

"Wait and see," said Lawson.

The dance-house was a large octagonal hut built of pine logs and covered with pine branches and soil. It was lighted by a small fire in the centre, and by four lanterns symmetrically disposed on the walls, and as Curtis and his party entered, the clamor politely redoubled. In a first swift glance Elsie apprehended only a confused, jingling, fluttering mass of color, a chaos of leaping, half-naked forms, and a small circle of drummers fiercely assaulting a kettle-drum.

Then Red Wolf, calm, stately, courtly, came before them, carrying his wand of office, and conducted them to seats at the left of the fire, and the girl's heart ceased to pound so fiercely. Then she saw Jennie shaking hands with one of the fiercest of the painted and beplumed dancers and recognized him as Blue Fox. In her early life Elsie had attended a country dance, and her changed impression of this mad, bloodthirsty revel was indicated in her tone as she said:

"Why, it's just an old-fashioned country hoe-down."

Curtis smiled. "I congratulate you," he mockingly said.

The old men came up to shake hands with the Agent, and on being presented to Elsie smiled reassuringly. Their manners were very good indeed. Several of them gravely made a swift sign which caused Curtis to color and look confused, and when his answer caused them to look at Lawson, Elsie demanded to know what it was all about.

"Do you think you'd better know?"

"Certainly; I insist on knowing," she added as he hesitated again.

He looked at her, but a little unsteadily. "They asked if you were my bride and I replied no, that you belonged to Lawson."

It was her turn to look confused. "The impudent things!" was all she could find to say at the moment.

Red Wolf called out a few imperative words; the song began with its imitation of the wolves at war as before, then settled into a pounding chant, deep, resonant and manly.

Parker was fairly hooking his chin over Curtis' shoulder to hear every word uttered and to see all that went on, and Curtis was in the midst of an explanation of the difference between this dance and the Crow Dance when a short, sturdy, bow-legged Tetong, dressed in a policeman's uniform, pushed his way in at the door and thrust a letter at the Agent's hand.

Instantly every eye was fixed on the Agent's bent head as he opened the letter. The dancers took their seats, whispering and muttering, the drum ceased, and the singers, turned into bronze figures, stared solemnly. A creeping chill ran through Elsie's blood and Parker turned pale and cold.

"What's up? What's up?" he asked. "This is a creepy pause."

Lawson laid a hand on his arm and shut down on it like a vise.

Red Wolf brought a lantern and he held it at the Captain's shoulder.

Jennie, leaning over, caught the words: "There's been a row over on the Willow——"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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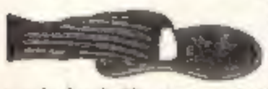

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VICTOR

(Continued from Page 8)

VI

THE clergyman who ministered to the little tin English church boarded at the big hotel which kept a bedroom and a sitting-room at his disposal. They faced north from the back of the building which stood against the mountainside, but the sitting-room had a second window at the corner of the block, and from this the eye went up over a plantation of dark firs to the white snowfields of the Col and the dark jagged wall of the Dent du Géant — distant, yet as clear as if stenciled against the blue heaven. It was a delectable vision, but the clergyman, being short-sighted as a mole, had never seen it.

Mr. Frank, in a suit of black, sat at the little round table in the centre of the room, pressing his finger-tips into the soft nap of a gaudy French tablecloth. Miss Bracy stood by the window with her back to the room, but she was listening. She, too, wore black. The fourth person was Christian, the guide. It was he who spoke.

"It must have been between noon and one o'clock," the guide was saying, "when we crossed the Col and began on the rocks. I was leading, of course; the Herr next, and Michel"—this was their porter—"behind. We had halted and lunched at the foot of the rocks. They were nasty with a coating, for the most part, of thin ice which we must knock away; but not really dangerous. The Herr was silent; not singing—he had been singing and laughing all through the morning—but in high spirits. Michel was tired; I think it may have been that his nerve was wrong.

"The first trouble we had with him was soon after starting on the rocks. We were roped, and at the first awkward place he said, 'If one of us should slip now we are all lost.' The Herr was annoyed as I have never seen him, and I, too, was angry, the more because what he said had some truth, but it was not, you understand, the moment to say it. After this we had no great trouble until we had passed the place where Herr Mummery turned back. About thirty metres from the summit we came to a bit requiring caution, a small *couloir* filled with good ice, but at a slope. They anchored themselves and held me while I cut steps—large steps—across it. On the other side there was no good foothold within length of the rope, so I cast off, and the Herr came across in my steps with Michel well anchored. It was now Michel's turn, and having now the extra length of rope brought across by the Herr, I could go higher to a rock and moor myself firmly. The Herr was right enough where he stood, but not to bear any strain, so I told him to cast off that I might look to Michel alone. While he unknotted his rope I turned to examine the rock, and at that instant . . . Michel did not understand, or was impatient to get it over . . at any rate, he started to cross just as the Herr had both hands busy. He slipped at the third step. . . . I heard, and turned again in time to see the jerk come. The Herr bent backward, but it was useless; he was torn from his foothold——"

The little clergyman nodded and broke in: "They were found, close together, on a ledge, two thousand feet below. Your son, sir, was not much mutilated, though many limbs were broken — and his spine and neck. The bodies were found the next day, and brought down. We did all that was possible. Shall I take you and madame to the grave?"

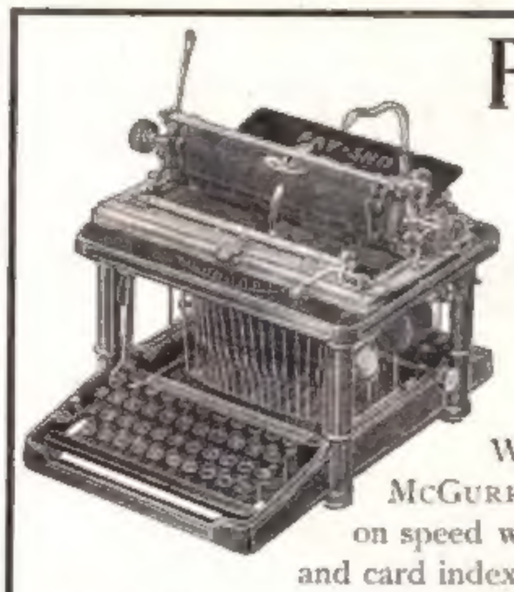
But the guide had not finished. "He fell almost on top of Michel, and the two went spinning down the *couloir* out of sight. I do not think that Michel uttered any cry, but the Herr, as the strain came and he went backward against it, seeking to get his ax free and plant it, . . . though that would have been useless, . . . the Herr cried once, and very loud, . . . such a strange cry! His eyes were on mine for a moment, . . . then they turned from me to the *couloir* and the great space below. It was then he uttered it, stretching out his hands, yet not as one afraid. 'Mother!' he cried; just that, and only once—'Mother!'"

Mr. Frank looked up sharply and turned his head toward Miss Bracy. The clergyman and the guide also had their eyes on her, the latter waiting for the effect of his climax.

"It must be a consolation to you," the clergyman began to mumble.

But Miss Bracy did not hear. Mr. Frank withdrew his eyes from her and fixed them again on the gaudy tablecloth. She continued to stare up at the clean ice-fields, the penciled cliffs. She did not even move.

So Bassett was avenged.



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